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THE UNOPENED LETTER.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

WHAT dost thou bring to me, oh, mystic token,
That on my desk I see,
With secret hidden, and with seal unbroken?
What dost thou bring to me?

Hast thou a tone from a beloved sister,
Who, far away, hath kissed
And bade thee ask me, wait, if I have missed her,
As I by her am missed?

Hast thou a murmur from some friend neglected,
But who remembers yet
The early days our friendship was respected,
And chides that I forget?

Hast thou a low voice from a tender maiden,
Who wishes I were there,
And whose sweet language, tender and love-laden,
My heart shall halt to hear?

Oh, mystic thing! I break thy seal in sunder
With hands that tremble still,
And find thou speakest in a tone of thunder,
"Please send that little bill!"

(Complete in this Number.)

The Footprint in the Snow.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THEY stood confronting each other, their eyes full of the deadly hatred they entertained. One pair of eyes gleaming in midnight blackness from under the fringing, curling lashes—eyes that, when Augusta Avergnon willed it, were liquid with love's tenderness. But now, now the demons of anger were holding their blazing torches where Rodney Winchester could see their gleam as he looked at her, steadily, quietly. He was all sneers, and cold, calculating taunts—she all fire, passion.

"You are going the full length of your tether, Mrs. Avergnon. Remember I hold the other end. If you struggle, the rope may become entwined about your neck, and then, you know, you would occasion a remark or so."

His calm, quiet tone belied the devilish glitter of his blue eyes, that, as he glanced upon her, grew lighter and paler, until all she seemed to see of his handsome face were those eyes, in which were concentrated insufferable white brilliancy. With a shiver she turned away.

"You are cruel, you are inhuman. You are a monster, a fiend, a devil!"

"I know it, because you say so, and your word is indisputable. But, if you take my advice, you'll not call me hard names."

"Take your advice, Rodney Winchester! Had I disregarded your words when I first knew you, I'd not be here to-day, compelled to listen to your vile taunts."

"Then you acknowledge you are compelled to come? That is a concession I hardly expected you to make, Mrs. Avergnon."

His sardonic smile seemed to half-craze her.

"Be silent, I command you, Rodney Winchester. You know I come compelled by my own will alone, and for the purchase of my husband's peace and comfort. But, fiend, your day is coming to a close. Soon, sooner than you expect, these demands shall not be acceded to."

Her flashing eyes denoted the intensity of her feelings. He smiled.

"Well? What then?"

"What then? Then I defy you! I will be your slave no longer. Too long already have I made myself a tool in your hands, supplying your needs from my husband's generosity, simply because you know a secret I would keep from him—a secret that would grieve him, that I am willing to bear alone, rather than have him know. And you, you less than man, more than fiend, haunt me, day after day presenting your disgusting self whenever you wish to gratify a new desire, or obtain some new possession, and repeating your outrageous taunts."

As she spoke, she handed him a roll of money, then, with a sigh of relief, swept disdainfully away.

"Many thanks, Mrs. Avergnon. Your generosity and promptness are worthy the object and subject of your benevolence."

He bowed, and she turned, as her hand touched the door-handle.

"Rodney Winchester, I have given you the last cent that I intend to give you. Already two thousand dollars of money my good husband has given me for my own private needs, have gone to silence you. To-day I have, as you remarked, gone the full length of my tether. To-day, I solemnly assure you, I admit you beneath my husband's roof for the last time. To-day I turn upon you, and defy you; do your worst! The worst you can do is hardly meaner than the best you have done."

Her angry, passionate tones, justly angry,



DOWN THE TALL STEPS SHE BOUNDED, CARING NOT FOR THE FALLING SNOW.

justly passionate, had given place to those of calm, self-possessed command.

Rodney Winchester looked at her in mute surprise. What, this woman, with all her glorious beauty, that her husband was so fond of—with all her deep, passionate love for him, standing there and defying her enemy to go to that husband and tell him that which would cause him to hate the beauty he had prided himself upon?

It was a new phase in the romance, and Rodney Winchester could not understand it.

"You hear me?" she repeated, slowly. "You understand that you have your orders never to enter these doors again? Go! I never want to see your hideous face more!"

She passed through the hall, and ascended the stairs to her own apartment, where, amid all the luxury and elegance that wealth could procure or taste desire, Augusta Avergnon buried her head among the pillows in a flood of rushing tears.

She was a noble woman—a true woman. Yet, she was not perfect; she had a secret, hidden in her proud, aching heart, that was robbing the bloom off her cheek, the light from her beautiful eyes. She dared not tell her husband, her noble, dignified husband, in whose hair and beard were gleaming the stray, gray threads of forty winters; her proud, aristocratic husband, whom she feared while she worshiped.

And so, for the sake of another, she bared her shoulders to the burden, her heart to the sting of the secret, while, by a direful fate, Rodney Winchester became possessed of knowledge enough to demand hush-money for its keeping.

Hers was a sad heart, as she arose from her couch of tears, and prepared her elegant evening toilet, not knowing at what moment the thunderbolt of her husband's anger and hatred, suspicion and disgrace, would burst upon her.

"A paltry hundred dollars!" and Rodney Winchester flung the money on the table before

him. "It'll not pay my gambling debt to little Sinclair. A hundred dollars! why it's a shameful sell. But, I'll settle it for her! If I don't get a couple of thousand more out of her dignified husband for keeping his wife's name out of the papers. Oh, it would be just the thing for those sensational weeklies to gobble up—all about the beautiful, accomplished wife of our wealthy citizen, Horace Avergnon, meeting her lover every few evenings up in a third-story back room, over in Plymouth street! They'd make a column out of it, and if I don't make a couple of thousand my name's not Rodney Winchester."

His same devilish smile was on his mustached lip, as he carefully arranged his necktie and collar.

"I'll see the old gentleman before he eats his dinner this night, and I guess he'll not relish it as much as he expects to. Mrs. Avergnon's name in the papers; Mrs. Avergnon's name in the courts for a divorce, and then a marriage with that handsome young Harry—something or other. That'll be the way, although I believe it's the fashion to spill a little blood about it; it don't make so much difference whether you kill or not."

He had retouched his hair, drawn on his kids, and buttoned up his overcoat, then looked out the window.

"Snowing, as I live! That'll stop the skating on the Park to-night."

Outside the pavements were already whitened, and the air was full of the feathery crystals, and Rodney Winchester hurried along from his boarding-house to the great importing house of "Horace Avergnon and Son," from which gilded sign over the entire front the "and Son" was painted over with a somber hue.

The clerks had nearly all gone, and only Mr. Avergnon and his confidential agent were in the large, warm, lighted sanctum.

As Rodney entered, the gentlemen bowed, for

Winchester had left his down-town manners at his down-town home. Here, among gentlemen, he was a thorough gentleman.

"If you please, Mr. Avergnon, I will claim a few moments' private conversation with you."

In an instant the agent withdrew, leaving the two alone, and Rodney could not help admiring the splendid-looking man before him, whose happiness he was so ruthlessly to destroy.

"Well?"

Mr. Avergnon spoke with that haughty impatience so natural to great business men.

"Mr. Avergnon," began Rodney, in a low, even tone, "will you be good enough to look at these bills, and see if you can tell me where they came from?"

He handed him the roll just as Augusta had given it to him.

The merchant cast a searching glance at Rodney's grave face.

"It is mine, given me for service rendered not an hour ago. Be so good, sir, as to examine them."

"I can not see what this money can have to do with me. What do you wish me to do? See if they are genuine or counterfeit?"

"No, sir. Just examine the numbers, and then consult your pocket-book."

With an indifferent air, as though his time was too precious to waste on such trifles that could not affect him, Mr. Avergnon opened his list.

"Just let me read the numbers," said Rodney, "while you compare them."

"It really seems useless, sir. I have but a thousand dollars down here for to-day, and eight hundred of those I deposited, one hundred I gave Mrs. Avergnon at luncheon, and the remainder is in my pocket-book."

"Exactly. Now, sir, here are the numbers."

Slowly, carefully he read them; five of them, of twenty dollars each; and, as he read the last, he saw the merchant's eyes grow brighter and brighter.

"Those are the bills I gave my wife."

"These are the bills your wife gave me."

They looked at each other; a mystery gleaming in Winchester's blue eyes, a flame of anger in Mr. Avergnon's keen gray ones.

"My wife, Mrs. Avergnon, gives you money? Did I understand you? What are you? her florist, her hair-dresser, her—"

"What, sir! I a hair-dresser? She gave me this money to keep from you a secret, sir—a disgraceful secret!"

He had intended to bring the matter gradually before the husband, but in his rage and mortification had blurted it boldly out.

Horace Avergnon sprang to his feet, and caught him by the collar.

"The door, man! How dare you intrude yourself in my presence, and assail the spotless name of Mrs. Avergnon, my honored wife! Begone!"

"One moment. I came to tell you that she is living a double life. She is false to you; she and her lover, whom I can prove, whom I have seen—"

Mr. Avergnon's grip loosened, and a deathly pallor settled around his face.

"Well, finish your diabolical accusation."

His voice was trembling, and it gave Winchester new courage.

"I repeat that Mrs. Avergnon has a lover whom she meets once or twice a week, at a certain place I can mention; I can swear to the love-words that have passed between them, and I can prove that she supports him. He is young and handsome, so is your wife, sir."

"Reserve your opinion. Now, whoever or whatever you are, you shall prove in the presence of my wife every word you have uttered to me. Wait until I get on my coat, and you shall accompany me in my carriage."

He frowned fiercely as Rodney, who was in no wise disconcerted, said:

"If I do prove it, what then?"

"A foul lie can never be proved."

"But if your own eyes and ears bear you witness?"

"Silence! I'll never believe or think evil of Augusta, and I stand aghast that you dare try to traduce her to me."

They entered the carriage, and were driven to the elegant mansion on Lexington avenue.

"Some one has been out even in this snow," remarked Rodney, as they ascended the steps.

"See."

He touched a small footprint, with the heel toward the door. He smiled significantly as Mr. Avergnon unlocked the door.

"Tell Mrs. Avergnon to come to the library at once. I wish to see her."

The man took the message, and returned in a moment. "Mrs. Avergnon had just gone out for an hour to a friend's. Would be in before dinner."

In spite of himself the husband glanced at Rodney, who smiled sardonically.

"She usually goes on Thursdays. Shall we follow her?"

A vague fear was tugging at Horace Avergnon's heart. Was it possible? Oh, horror, it must be a lie. But, then, the man was so confident. Yes, he would go and thus end all this mystery. Could it be possible that there was an attempt being made to black-mail him? to inveigle him in some way he knew not of?

He thought of that, but as he saw Rodney carefully measuring the footprint with his glove, he felt that Augusta was implicated somehow.

Together they drove off, and Winchester gave the coachman the order. Not a word was said during the long ride, and when they alighted in a street where the houses were alike for blocks, and the doors had several bells to them, Rodney whispered a word:

"If I take you to the room; if I prove every thing I've said, you'll give me a cheque for a couple of thousand?"

As he spoke he laid his glove upon a tiny footprint upon the door-step. It fitted exactly, and there, too, was the roughness caused by a sole of a new rubber, less distinct because it had been trodden over.

"You see, Mr. Avergnon?"

His eyes had a horrible triumph in them as he looked up.

"I see. I promise you the cheque. Show me the room."

Mr. Avergnon's words came jerking out, and his lips were tense and cruel-looking. His eyes gleamed and he was strangely quiet.

"Follow me, as quickly as you can. It is a tenement-house, so we will excite no suspicion."

It was a pleasant room in pleasant weather, but now, with the falling snow darkening the air in the early dusk, it looked gloomy and lonely.

A lady sat by the window, watching the fast-whitening roofs around. Directly she arose, and lighted the gas.

"Harry, dear."

Her voice was low, but clear and musical, and, in answer to her call, a proud, fair, mustached boy of twenty turned his flushed cheeks toward her.

"You called me? Or was I dreaming?"

"Not dreaming, darling. I came in while you were sleeping, and have just lighted the gas, you see. How do you feel to-night, Harry, dear?"

She went up to the bedside, and took one of his hands in hers, gently smoothed it, then bent and kissed his forehead.

"You do love me, don't you? It seems so strange—so wrong for you, beautiful Mrs. Avergnon, to care for me."

His voice was tender and proudly grateful.

"Love you, Harry? You never can know how truly—how earnestly I love you. Do not I steal from home, and brave Mr. Avergnon's displeasure for you, Harry, my darling? Can I do more?"

"You are so good, so dear to me. What would I do were you to cease loving me, cease caring for me? And to prefer me above him?"

"Because I know you, Harry, and he does not. Because I love you, and you love me. Harry, dear, the time will come when all this mystery will cease; when we can be free before the world to care for each other."

"Yes, but when? When Horace Avergnon lies dead in his coffin?"

His bitter words sounded distinctly out on the still air.

"Harry, no. My husband's life will witness our re-union when there need be no secrecy. He is kind and generous, you misjudge him."

"I know he is kind and generous; and I know that his money provides me with the shelter over my head, the victuals I eat, the medicines I take."

"Don't speak so, Harry. Be content to accept, knowing that it is I who am the almoner of his bounty. Remember, Harry, darling, it is his duty to provide for you."

"My duty to maintain you and your paramour? And, pale and stern, Horace Avergnon confronted his wife, while Rodney Winchester's evil face smiled over his shoulder."

"Horace! my husband!" and Augusta arose, pale and agitated. "You are here? and you, base wretch!"

"Yes, here to prove your guilt, Augusta, from this hour I disown you. Stay with your lover, your 'Harry, darling!' but be assured I shall not support you!"

He did not vouchsafe a glance at the bed, and, Rodney Winchester by his side, turned to leave the room.

Her cheeks flushed redly, her eyes starry and luminous, Augusta sprang past them, and locked the door. Then, from the furthest corner of the large room, that was draped in darkness, she summoned Felice, her own dressing-maid.

"Horace, my husband, it is not for this man to dash me away from your heart where for three years I have so happily been enshrined. Horace, you love me, you know your heart aches at the thought of my perfidy. Horace, my darling, I am not false. I am true as tried gold. Never have I entered this room unattended by Felice. Horace, come here. Let me show you him for whom I have risked every thing. He is yours, Horace, more than mine. I love him, because he loves you."

She threw back the counterpane, and Horace Avergnon met the sweet face of his only boy, who, five years before, had been driven from his home because he was headstrong, obstinate and passionate.

It was a moment into which was crowded a lifetime. Then, as the blissful present asserted itself, and the hopeful future loomed up a very vision, the bitter past fled forever away; and, as with a glad cry, "My wife, my precious wife; my boy—my darling Harry," Horace Avergnon clasped them in an iron embrace, Rodney Winchester slunk quietly away.

A happy group, they returned home, and then her husband told her of the bitter evidence he feared would convict her, in the shape of "the footprint in the snow."

Hand, Not Heart:

OR,

THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

BY LENNOX WYLDER.

(THE NEW DR PLUME OF A CELEBRATED AMERICAN AUTHOR.)

CHAPTER XI.

MORE SECRETS THAN ONE.

FOR several moments the low, dark figure leaned over the unconscious sleeper, gazing, it seemed, straight upon him. Delaney Howe did not even stir, so deep was his slumber.

The intruder turned and glanced around.

Then cautiously, the man—it was evidently such—leaned still lower over the motionless sleeper. In a moment, the vest, which concealed the purloined memorandum-book, was unbuttoned, and the book was slowly drawn out. In a moment, the man had secured it in his bosom; in another he had stepped away from the sleeping figure to the door, noiselessly turned the bolt, and went out into the dimly lit hall.

Silently he ascended the stairs, and followed on without a sound, in the footsteps of St. Clair Arlington to the open window, through which the other had sprung out on the porch. Then the figure crept stealthily around, and then the waning moon shone full upon it.

The face lighted up by the pale rays was that of an old man, withered and haggard, a wild fire—yet one of determination—gleaming from his eyes.

He it was who stood by the bedside of Clavis Warne, and looked upon his sleeping, marble-like face.

"Ha!" he muttered; "it is he! He has heeded the warning, and has come at last! Now, now! the time approaches! But, not yet, not yet!"

Speaking thus incoherently, the strange old creature turned at once, and disappeared in the gloom of the apartment.

Clavis Warne moved uneasily in his sleep; he pressed upon his wounded arm. With a half-groan, he opened his eyes, and glanced around him.

The light was burning dimly on the mantelpiece. The young man rubbed his eyes; he was half-stupefied, and at first knew not where he was. But, gradually his consciousness returned to him; he remembered everything—the black road—the wild thunder-storm—the desolate plain—the accident; and then, the dead-white face of Agnes Arlington—she, whom he had striven for four long years to forget—whose memory he had vainly tried to bury—she, too, rose up before him, and he uttered a deep sigh.

At that moment a dark shadow fell upon the floor; it was a moving shape, and Clavis Warne started so violently that he disarranged the dressings from his arm, causing him much pain, and he sunk back on his pillow with a groan. But he distinctly saw through his half-closed eyes the figure of an old man, bent and decrepit, shamble toward the open window, and then it was gone.

The young man struggled again to his elbow, and reaching over with his unwounded arm, he drew the chair toward him, on which were laid his clothes. Feeling in the pocket of his coat, he drew out a pistol, and pushed it under the pillow.

Clavis Warne slept no more that eventful night. The dawn broke, and his eyes were still wide open; and his cheek was flushed with fever.

At an early hour Delaney Howe aroused himself. He started to his feet. He felt in his bosom. His vest was open! The young man's face blanched almost with terror. The book was gone! Had all this been a dream?

He rubbed his eyes, and glanced about him. Then he stepped to the door and tried it. It was unlocked; yet he was certain, that before lying down he had locked it. A frown gathered upon his face, a venomous fire shot from his eyes, as he muttered, in a low voice:

"You saw me, Saintry! And you have paid me back, have you? We'll see, we'll see, my cove; for I have the knife yet!"

With this singular utterance, he walked to the rear door, cautiously opened it, and went out. Then he stole softly away in the gray gloom of the early dawn.

The sun, shining red and warm, was just breaking in the east, when he rapped gently on the door of his mother's humble dwelling, by the cemetery.

When the village doctor came that morning, and had looked upon his patient, he shook his head. The dressings were almost off, and the arm was feverish and swollen. Clavis Warne's eyes were red and blood-shot, too; and the physician anxiously felt the bounding pulse.

"You have not slept well, my dear sir," he said. "Yet the opiate was powerful, and given in a large quantity. You must be careful, sir, or erysipelas will supervene."

But Clavis Warne paid no more than passing heed to the words; he was thinking of other things—very strange things—the wonderful chain of circumstances surrounding him. But, he thanked the physician for his kindness, and then submitted himself again to his manipulations.

The operation of dressing and splinting the wounded arm was tedious, and to the patient excessively painful. But when it was over he heaved a sigh of relief, and expressed himself as feeling better.

Then the physician, telling him he might dress and sit up, though enjoining him to remain in his room, bade him good-morning, and left.

The young man had been duly served with a nice breakfast, but his host had not made his appearance.

About ten o'clock that day, however, there was a knock on the door. Before the young man could say "Come in," St. Clair Arlington, stern and pale, walked into the room, his eyes

glittering behind the flashing glasses. He quickly closed the door, and turned toward his guest.

"Do you not know me, Clavis Warne?" he asked, in a low, trembling voice, gazing straight at the other.

The young man started violently, and, half shrinking away from his host, exclaimed:

"Then, it was not a dream! Yes, I do know you, Ralph Thornton, for a cheat, and a mur—"

"Hush, man! Would you drive me mad? Take care, or, by heavens, I'll—" Without finishing the sentence, he strode menacingly toward the other.

"Stand back, Ralph Thornton, or I'll shoot you like a dog, as you deserve!" and the young man, with his unwounded hand, suddenly drew a pistol from his bosom. His eyes were flashing fire, and there was a fearful sternness about his pale, calm face.

The other recoiled; his own face grew paler than ever, and he clutched at a chair for support. Clavis Warne kept his eye upon him, the pistol still in his hand. But St. Clair Arlington did not speak.

"I once swore, Ralph Thornton," continued the young man, "to be even with you! God has so ordered it, and I now, before high Heaven, renew my vow! I shall never forget that fatal night, when your vengeful knife—"

"Hold! hold! Clavis Warne! I beg you! Do not kill me afresh with your words! Have I not suffered the tortures of the damned? Have I not ever seen a black shape at my elbow? Come, come, Clavis Warne; I am here to talk with you. You know me not; I am not Ralph Thornton, but St. Clair Arlington, the uncle of her whom you in old times loved—of Agnes!"

"The uncle of Agnes Arlington! Alas! alas!" and, thrusting the pistol back in his pocket, he reeled and tottered into his chair again.

For a moment there was silence, and the young man leaned his head low down, while his eyes were fixed upon the sun-shadows on the carpet.

"Yes, Clavis Warne, I am the uncle of Agnes Arlington, and I come to speak with you, to beg you, for her sake, to keep my secret! I acted in self-defense! I—"

"Bah, man! Don't add falsification to your double crime! Do not attempt to impose upon me! I know you, to be a villain of the deepest dye, and—Ha! Resent it, if you choose, and I'll shoot you dead on the spot!" and again he felt for his pistol, as St. Clair Arlington suddenly strode forward when the ringing words of Clavis Warne fell upon his ear.

But the rich man paused before that stern front—before the frowning muzzle of the pistol.

"I meant nothing! But, Clavis Warne, I am but flesh and blood! Put up your pistol, and I will tell you a tale, and then will plead with you again!"

Slowly the young man placed the weapon in his pocket, and without speaking, bowed to the other to proceed.

St. Clair Arlington arose and approached the door. He opened it, and peered around, up and down the hall; then, closing the door, he locked it, and returned to his seat.

A long, earnest conversation, carried on in a low breath, ensued between the two. It lasted an hour. At the expiration of that time, Clavis Warne, after a short pause, said aloud, and as if with a desire to end the conversation:

"For Agnes' sake, Mr. Arlington, I will spare you; for her sake I will keep my mouth closed. But, mark me! I am on your track; I will watch you. Be warned, for I have registered a vow against you! You can take up this day and to-night; but, if I can stand upon my feet in the morning, I shall leave for the village. Good-morning, sir."

As St. Clair Arlington left the room, and strode out into the hall, a grim smile spread over his face. But he said no word then. Hurrying down-stairs, he entered his library and closed the door.

Up and down the room for several minutes he trod, his eyes bent in thought upon the floor, the same grim smile playing over his face.

Up and down he strode; and then that wicked smile gradually left his lip; a dark scowl came to his face, and he muttered:

"It is settled! and he has fixed his doom! Before to-morrow's sun will rise we'll be square, Clavis Warne! Old scores will be settled; and then we will see about the vow! He knows not the man he deals with! Look to yourself, Clavis Warne! and leave others to manage their own affairs!"

A while he paced the floor, and then paused.

"It is not," he said aloud, "the part of wisdom to put away the evidence! to destroy it? I hate to do so, for, on that page, I have so long delighted to feast my eyes! I can not bear to part with it now. Yet, it is better, and ashes tell no tales! It must be done, and now is as good a time as any. I'll do it!"

As he thus spoke he placed his hand in his vest pocket, and drew out a key. Then he approached the secretary. He unlocked it, and without looking into it, placed his hand down to a familiar corner of the drawer.

Arlington started. Hurling the top of the desk violently back, he leaned down, and gazed in. His face blanched, and his limbs quivered beneath him.

What he sought was not there!

The man staggered back, and clutched at a chair, to keep himself from falling.

"Gone! gone!" he muttered. "My SECRET taken from me! And Delaney Howe slept here last night! I'll wring it out of him!"

With that he snatched his hat, and hurrying out of the library left the house, and strode away over the plain.

Agnes Arlington, her face pale and care-worn, her eyes staring before her, drew from behind a book-case, and hastened from the room.

"Murder is on the air!" she muttered, as she disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.

DELANEY HOWE'S NEWS.

ALTHOUGH it was a very early hour that morning when Delaney Howe rapped on the door of his mother's little home, yet there was an ear inside the humble abode which had always heard his step, and a glad sunlight seemed to stream over the old woman's face, as she hurried to let him in.

"God be thanked, my son, that you are home at last! What has kept you away from your poor old mother, Delaney?" and she released her arms from around his neck, to allow him to enter.

Delaney Howe's greeting with his aged mother was warm and affectionate—far more so than one would expect from the character of the man as we know him. He drew her tenderly to his bosom, and kissed her cheek several times, as she gave way for him to pass.

But he did not at first answer his mother's question, as to where he had been, or what had kept him away.

He started, and trod more softly when he glanced at the bed, in the further corner of the room, and saw, quietly sleeping upon it, his poor crazy sister, Dora.

"I am glad she has come, mother," he said, in a low tone. "Last night was her night, you know, and what a fearful storm raged! It was a bad night for her, poor thing, to be abroad in, mother!"

"Yes, my son, and when she came in she was soaking wet," replied the mother; then gazing anxiously at the sweet face of the sleeper, upon which there rested the faintest tinge of an expression of pain, she continued: "and, Delaney, she breathes heavily, and her hands are hot!"

The young man, hurrying over to her bedside, laid his hand softly upon her hot wrist. He started as he felt the thrilling artery.

"Dora is very ill, mother!" he said, in an excited, half-subdued voice. "I will go over to the village, and summon the doctor. She must be attended to."

He spoke very earnestly. The old mother started.

"Do you think she is very ill, Delaney?" and she looked him earnestly in the face.

"She is, mother. The storm was violent, and as ever, she wore a very thin dress. She has taken cold. I saw her myself, last night."

"You, Delaney? and where?"

"At Mr. Arlington's mansion," was the reply. Delaney Howe started, as he had replied so promptly; but he could not now correct his slip of tongue.

The old mother cast her eyes down, and a frown came upon her face.

She looked up. "I don't like that man, my son; I don't like St. Clair Arlington!" she said, in a low, calm voice.

Delaney Howe frowned. "And why not, mother?" he asked, without looking her in the face.

"Because, Delaney, there's something wrong about him! You may not know it, for you were a child then, but, I know that, from a boy, he never had a good name. His old brother, John, now dead and gone, despised him. And old John would groan in his grave if he knew that the reckless, flashy, deceitful St. Clair governed the old mansion! Be warned, my son, of this man! He handles too much money, for such as you to associate with him," and the old woman laid her withered hand upon her son's shoulder.

Delaney did not at once reply. He bent his gaze in the fire-place, wherein the frugal breakfast was preparing; but, he did not shake off the old hand laid so lovingly, so trustingly upon his shoulder. Perhaps the young man was thinking of what his mother had said; perhaps he was thinking of poor Dora. At all events, he still kept his eyes down, and answered not a word.

The old woman looked upon him kindly, and her eyes beamed with affection as they fell upon his face and his brawny frame.

"You will take it kindly, my son, what your old mother has to say to you. She has seen a great deal of the world, and, in some things, she has, perhaps, more experience than you. St. Clair Arlington was a bad man in his youth; he squandered what patrimony he had, and his name was connected with some dark transactions, which some people called crimes. He quarreled with his old brother—a stingy, miserly man, I admit, but, an honest man—and then he left the country. When he came back no one knows; but, he did return here one month after the death, or disappearance, of old John! And then, finding that piece of paper, and all at once getting possession of old John's property, and leaving poor Agnes out in the cold! I tell you, Delaney, there are more people than your old mother who think very strange of all this! They surmise that all is not right, and others hint right out that—"

"What the deuce does all this stuff mean, mother?" suddenly and half-rudely asked the young man, starting from his seat, and gazing with an angry frown at his mother.

The old woman cowered away, and bent her gaze meekly on the cold, bare boards of the floor. But she recovered herself.

"It means, my son," she said, firmly, at the same time raising her dim old eyes lovingly upon her first-born, "it means that many people still think that St. Clair Arlington is a bad man—that he has come into this property of his brother by some underhanded means, and, as a mother, my boy, a fond and affectionate mother, as God knows I am, I must warn you of that man! I know that you are often at the mansion; I know, too, that you are often with him. Now, Delaney, you are a poor man; Mr. Arlington is a rich one—if, indeed, he even got a third of old John's earnings. It will ruin you to stay with such a man, and—"

"Enough, mother! I am tired of such talk. Remember I have been a man for many years, and—"

"I can not forget, my dear child, that you are my son, however old you are!" interrupted the old woman, in a faltering tone, and her eyes all the time beaming with a mother's love upon him.

Delaney Howe's face flushed; a shade of pain,

of regret, passed over his forehead. Stopping suddenly, as a tear came to his eye, he kissed her cheek gently, and said, in a low voice:

"Forgive me, mother! God knows I value and return your earnest affection. But you judge Mr. Arlington harshly. He may have been all you say, but, that is no reason he is so now. And, because I told you I saw Dora in the mansion last night, does not go to show that I have been nowhere else."

"Well, Delaney, if it is proper for your old mother to know it, where have you been during the night?" and she gazed him searchingly in the face.

The young man almost trembled at the words; his face wrinkled into an angry frown, and he bit his lip. But he felt the old mother's eye upon him, and he could not escape her question. So he answered:

"I have been upon my own business, and that is enough for you to know."

The old woman's frame shook at the cruel answer; silent tears trickled down her cheek, and fell upon her clean, white apron.

The young man saw the effect of his words, and stooping down, he laid his hand upon her shoulder, and said, in a kinder tone:

"There, mother, I meant not to hurt your feelings. But, I think it is a little hard that you should lecture me so often about matters you do not know as much about as you think you do, and especially is this unnecessary when, wherever I am, I am working for you, as well as for myself! See, mother, what I have brought you!"

As he spoke, he suddenly drew from his pocket a handful of golden coins. He laid them in her lap without a word.

The old woman's face paled.

"More gold! More gold, Delaney? And you out of work! Whence comes this wealth, my son? Oh! tell your old mother, is this gold honestly yours?"

"Honestly mine? That's good, mother, especially coming from you!" and he laughed at her bitter laugh.

But, do what he could, and laugh as he did, there was a moment, just then, when a deadly pallor rushed like a whirlwind over Delaney's face. Turning, however, toward the mantel, to hide his emotion, his old mother saw it not.

"Well, well, Delaney," she said, in a satisfied and gentle tone, "if the money is honestly come by—and I can not think otherwise—why, my dear boy, I will take it, and may God bless you for it."

She transferred the coin at once to a bag, and hid it away in an old trunk, which she drew from beneath the bed, upon which the poor mad girl was sleeping so quietly.

Delaney walked gently up and down the limits of the small room. His mother, without awakening the sleeping girl, pushed the old trunk back under the bed, and turned to the fire, to superintend the cooking.

No word was spoken for several moments, and the heavy breathing of poor Dora was painfully distinct. Up and down the room walked Delaney, and the tea-kettle bubbled over the fire its gentle music.

Suddenly the young man paused, and said:

"Mother, I have something to tell you—a little secret," and a grim smile passed over his face, as he muttered the words.

"A secret, my son?" and the old woman, turning from the fire, confronted her boy, surprise and curiosity depicted upon her face.

"Yes, mother, and a weighty secret—a piece of startling news! It is: Agnes Arlington has promised to be my wife!" He spoke very quietly, and he watched the effect of his words upon his mother.

The old woman started, as if struck by a thunderbolt.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Agnes Arlington promised to be your wife?"

"Ay, mother! More than that, she swore she would be!" and, as he emphasized the word, a horrible leer swept over his face. But, the old mother did not see it.

"Why, Delaney," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "you astound me! I knew that you always had a kind of longing for the girl. But I thought that had passed away, when our money was lost to us. I did not think that now, when we were poor, you dared lift your eyes to Agnes."

"And why not, mother?" he asked, almost fiercely. "Agnes Arlington is as poor—nay, poorer—than I am!"

"Then, how could you wed such a girl?" thought Delaney, she is a noble girl."

"Why, I'll make her uncle endow her," was the reply.

The widow started.

"Make him, my son?"

At that moment heavy steps were heard approaching, and then, as they paused before the little house, a loud rap sounded on the panel.

CHAPTER XIII.

A RAP AT CLAVIS WARNE'S DOOR.

WHEN St. Clair Arlington had left the room that morning, in which his guest, Clavis Warne, was domiciled, the young man sat still for many minutes. An anxious shade of thought was upon his brow, and a dark foreboding frown was on his handsome face.

Clavis Warne was handsome, both in face and figure. In the latter he was tall—certainly above the medium height—rather spare, very erect, with a thin flank, and a good spread of shoulders, indicating at once, physical endurance and muscular power. His face was an open one. He wore no beard or whiskers, but a deep-brown mustache swept down over his mouth, concealing that organ entirely from view. He had a square jaw, and a rounded, prominent chin, both expressing strong will and determination. His eyes were large, melancholy and pensive, and of a dark-brown or hazel color. The brow was broad, prominent and massive, and was shaded by a heavy mass of curling chestnut hair.

Upon the young man's face, however, there was the stamp of an habitual melancholy, and across the broad, intellectual brow, were care-

lines, those unmistakable indices of secret soul-suffering. But, he was a wondrously handsome person.

Several minutes after Mr. Arlington had gone, the unwilling guest remained in his seat, looking intently upon the floor. The anxious expression deepened, and the scowl on his brow grew darker and more anxious, as the moments sped by.

Clavis Warne was thinking of things long ago; he was recalling the time when last he stood in this proud, old-time mansion. He was thinking of that night when he had journeyed from his native home to that little country-village of Labberton—journeyed there, pursuing the *ignis fatuus* which led him on—journeyed, following the star of his heart's devotion—that star then glimmering so resplendently in the clear sky that bended above him! He was thinking of that night of the village ball—he at that time just graduated, a fledgling in the law—that night, when, all aglow with a great triumph, and a trusting love in his heart—he entered the ball-room with the belle of Labberton on his arm—the blushing Agnes Arlington, the only daughter and child of old John, the miser! He was thinking of the scene next morning at the mansion—of the dark frown on old John Arlington's face—of the hard words he had spoken—and how he, the student, in the conscious dignity of manhood, had retorted, word for word! Then, the door—slammed rudely in his face—then his altercation with young Delaney Howe as he turned indignant, yet sorrowful, from the house—Delaney Howe, then the son of rich parents, and living in the village in one of the grandest mansions there! He was thinking of his last—a stolen interview with Agnes, under the shadow of one of the Lombardy poplars, on the plain—a dark cloud above in the heavy atmosphere—a darker cloud in his bosom. He was thinking of the faith there plighted—of the virgin kiss given—of the heart-breaking farewells—of his departure for a distant city.

Then the shade of Clavis Warne's face grew very dark, and with it mingled an expression of sorrow and pain. The form of a sweet, beautiful girl rose before him. He thought of his admiration of her splendid face and figure—her noble, trusting heart—his fascination! Then of the sad discovery that she loved him. But then came at once his return to fidelity, and the final scene between him and her, that wondrously fair creature! And Clavis Warne groaned in spirit as the memory of an old report, coming to his ears, in the dead days of the past, flashed through his brain again—that report, that madness had dethroned reason in that fascinating beauty—that Dora Howe was a maniac!

The young man shuddered, and a sigh came up from his oppressed breast. After months and years of wanderings in old lands—after loitering and studying by turns in the great cities of another hemisphere—he found himself in this ancient mansion again—the home of Agnes Arlington, and she under the same roof with him—for he had seen her in that brief moment of consciousness, on the night before. He was here in Labberton, the home, or what was formerly the home, of Dora Howe, the beautiful! And he, here on business—that business, undefined, mysterious—and he, as yet, *unacquainted with it*, but, weighty nevertheless, for he felt it to be such.

Destiny had beckoned him hither, and almost mechanically he had followed.

As these thoughts rushed through his mind, along with a thousand others, the young man suddenly placed his unwounded hand in a side-pocket of his coat, and drew out a package of three letters. Aided by his teeth, he opened the package, and casting only a glance at two of the communications, he took out the third. Carefully he opened it, as well as he could, and his eyes seemed to burn down into the sheet.

At that instant, a faint yet decided rap sounded on his door, as the bolt, at the same instant, was turned.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LEAF FROM AN OLD BOOK.

A YOUNG man snugly wrapped up in his overcoat hurried along the dark street. There was a stern yet sad frown upon his face, and his eyes were cast upon the pavement before him.

The wind was blowing fresh and chill from the north-west, and falling snow was commencing to whiten the streets of the great city of New York. The hour was about eight in the evening; the night, that following a cold and blustering day in December 185—

The young man had just left the mansion, on Fourteenth street, which was flashing its many lights out in the night, and which bore upon its heavy walnut double-door a plate, indicating that it was a certain fashionable "Seminary for Young Ladies."

There was a wild storm in his heart, or his face was no index to the soul.

He hurried on.

"What have I done?" he muttered, in a deep, agonizing voice, "what have I done! And she, poor, innocent, loving girl, worships me! Ah, I have done wrong—a monstrous wrong; unwittingly have I been insnared. I have followed blindly a glaring light which has led me to the verge of self-ruin! Have I, even now, drawn back in time to avert the sad, the fearful consequences? I do not love her! No, no; when I search my heart, there is only one answer—I do not love Dora Howe! But, I do love, with my heart's warmest pulsings, my plighted Agnes! Yet Dora loves me! Alas! the wretch that I am! and I have given her to understand that she was not indifferent to me! I have just left her, with strange words on my lips—words strange to her—words harsh and cruel! I see her white, scared face, now, and I feel that her shadow is by my side!"

As he spoke he shuddered, and glancing around him, drew his overcoat more closely about him, and strode on faster than ever, through the falling snow.

We will return for a moment to that fashionable seminary on Fourteenth street.

In one of the parlors next the street—that

parlor lit by a single light from the chandelier—cowering away on a sofa, was the bent form of a young girl. She was clad in all the elegance and richness that taste could dictate, and money could purchase.

She half-reclined on the sofa, her face buried in her hands. Now and then a deep sob welled up from her bosom, though it seemed she strove to repress her emotion. A tremor shook her frail frame, as if by a rude wind.

Suddenly she raised her pale face, red with weeping, and sat up. She glanced around her. There were none others in the room.

That was a beautiful face, upon which the single light shone down, and reflected its mellow radiance—a face beautiful in the tender expression resting there, despite the look of agony and heart-breaking which showed there too—beautiful in the large, black eyes, now suffused with tears—beautiful in the white, translucent skin, under which even now, though that face was red and swollen, the network of vessels, showed distinctly; beautiful in the cloud of raven hair, which, now unfastened, and falling about her neck and shoulders, shaded the broad, prominent brow.

The maiden could not have been more than eighteen years of age. She was evidently tall and slender, though possessing a sylph-like grace, and airiness, which was perceptible at a glance.

Again she shuddered, as she looked about her; and as a deep sob broke from her lips, she closed her eyes and leaned back on the sofa. A marble pallor spread over her face; the rich, red blood, lately flowing there, fled wildly away, and the soft, tremulous hands fell lifelessly by her side.

Dora Howe, stricken in heart, crushed to the earth, her young love flying away, had swooned.

She had been dreaming a sweet, delicious dream for several months—had already builded up a happy future for herself, and had laid awake night after night, and had spent day after day, in rearing fairy castles of wondrous beauty in the airy cloud-lands above her; she, to occupy those aerial chateaux along with another—with him whom she loved with her woman's truest devotion—with him for whom her young heart had gone out—for him, upon whose words she had hung—for him whose smile had ever and often gladdened her heart—for him for whom she would have died—for CLAVIS WARNE!

And on this night he had told her a fearful secret, and he had showed her a locket bearing a face other than hers, yet a face she knew—the face of one dear to her; that night, while he held her hand softly in his—while he looked into her eyes, his and hers filled with down-dropping tears, he had told her that his heart and hand were plighted to another! And then he had gone.

Slowly the maiden opened her eyes and glanced around her; the warm blood came to her face; a shiver passed over her, and then she arose to her feet.

A large alabaster clock was ticking upon the mantel. The hands pointed to half-past eight. Dora Howe's eyes flashed over the dial-plate for a second, and then she turned and walked with tottering steps to the window. She placed her white, haggard face to the pane, and peered out.

The cold wind crept silently through the sash-joints, and struck her fainting form. She shivered and shrank half-away; but again gazed out through the filmy glass.

The snow was falling fast, and pedestrians, few in number, wrapt snugly in overcoats and furs, hurried rapidly along. Now and then, a hack rolled by, its rattle and creak half-muffled and deadened by the snow upon the rough stones. Now and then, too, a policeman, thrashing his arms around him to start his chilled blood, hastened by on his accustomed rounds.

These were all the moving objects which the girl saw, as she peered out into the falling snow.

Ten minutes passed, and then Dora Howe stepped back from the window, allowing the lace curtain to fall again to its accustomed place. And again she glanced at the clock.

"I am determined!" she muttered, and her eyes were stony and fixed, and her step firm. "I'll follow him, and—nay, I'll not reproach him, for I love him too much, and he has been honest with me! But I will go to him, and beg him, PRAY to him to—to continue to love me! Oh, God! I can not give him up! I can not! It may be unmaidenly—it may be criminal, but I can not help it! What is the world to me without him? Oh, why was it ordained that I should meet him? Why was it that I was—born? But time flies! The scholars think he is here yet. It is well they do, for I can get away unperceived. What care I for orders or regulations? Is not my heart riven, and torn, and—yes, I must see him! I would die did I not!"

For a moment she paused, and looked around her. Then she glanced at the attire in which she was arrayed. A tear came again to her eye, for she remembered well—it was only an hour ago—what joyous feelings had held possession of her bosom when she was enrobing herself in that dress—what a glorious triumph was before her—the complete conquest of a noble man's heart!

Alas, now! The conquest was a terrible illusion, and now she was thinking of the outside weather—was thinking that her own wrappings were up the second story of the house, in her room—thinking that she could not get them, for then her purpose would be known. Her heart sunk within her. She dared not go out in such a dress, and yet, what should she do?

She cautiously drew near the door opening into the hallway, and looked out. The light had some time since been lit. The girl's heart bounded with joy, for on the hat-rack was hung a shawl!

In a moment she stole out, and snatching the shawl, cast it over head and shoulders, and opening the street-door softly, crept out. Down the tall steps she bounded, caring not for the thin shoes which covered her feet, naught for the wild north-wind, naught for the falling snow!

And she had disappeared in the gray gloom of the winter night.

Clavis Warne hurried on, and at length reach-

ed his rooms in Irving Place. He placed a key in the lock, and in a moment stood within. Lighting the gas, he flung off his overcoat, hat and gloves, and then, without resting, he commenced to promenade the limits of the apartment.

The frown on his brow grew darker moment by moment, his face sterner, yet more sad as he walked. Up and down the room he strode, his hands clasped behind him, his face bent down, in deep and anxious thought.

Suddenly he paused, a shade of relief, as if he had fallen upon some resolve, passing over his features.

"I'll do it! What can I do better? Why shall I remain here longer? Why longer in the country? This sad affair but fixes me in a resolution half-formed months ago! I can not marry Agnes—owing to her father's unbending will, nay, unfounded prejudice—though we have plighted our love. God knows when the time will come that I can claim her as my own sweet wife! Then, why need I stay here? Oh, God! that I have been so blindly, so foolishly led away for a time! And now I am meeting with my punishment! Yet, yet, poor Dora! poor Dora! She, too, suffers; suffers more, alas, than I do! God pity her! But I'll pack my trunk now, and—and—to-morrow the Persia sails! 'Tis well! I am resolved—and—and—poor Dora—poor, dear, sweet Agnes!"

So muttering, he approached a closet, and in a moment drew from it a large trunk. Throwing back the top, he proceeded to examine the contents, taking out article by article.

At length he had finished, and then he arose to his feet, and turned toward a bureau in the room.

At that moment hasty feet echoed outside; then they paused at the young man's door; then the bell jingled.

Clavis Warne stepped hastily to the door and opened it. Dora Howe stumbled into the room and sunk in a chair, breathing heavily.

"My God, Dora!" exclaimed the young man, hastening to her side. "What does this mean?" and he took her hand, so cold and purple, in his. The maiden did not withdraw that hand, but, looking up in his face, while a warm love-light flashed over him, said, in a broken, anguished voice:

"I could not stay away, Clavis! I longed to see you again, to look upon you once more, or, Clavis, I would go wild! Dear—dear Clavis!"

With a bursting heart, the young man turned away, letting fall the small cold hand. He could not speak.

"Oh, Clavis, do not leave me! do not leave me! I feel that the world is growing dark around me! I feel that all reason is forsaking me! Alas, Clavis, I—"

"There, there, Dora!" he suddenly said, in a voice, tremulous with emotion, returning to her side, and seating himself close by her. "Your words, Dora, are torture to my soul. I know that I have done wrong; but, Dora, it is not too late to retrieve my error, to do justice to you, to myself, and to others! Nay, nay, poor Dora; do not interrupt me; I must speak now, or I could never again hold up my head in honor. I was puzzled and bewildered, Dora, by your beauty; I was fascinated by your laughing voice, your winning ways, your goodness of heart, and sweetness of temper. But, Dora, it was fascination, and nothing else. Forgive me for the words I speak; but I love only one—Agnes Arlington! To her I have pledged my troth, and, Dora, I do not love you as I do her! But, poor Dora, I feel very close to you, I feel that I could love you as my sister, and—"

"No, no, Clavis! I crave not such love as that!" and her words were wondrously quiet and calm, and her face was stern, like marble.

The young man started and gazed at her. But, unheeding his anxious glance, she continued:

"You once intimated, Clavis, that you loved me! You won my heart, Clavis, and you have it still! Agnes Arlington, nor the world can change it! I must love you, Clavis, or I would die a raving maniac. And now, I must be gone! We must part, Clavis! When we meet we must not know each other, since you would not like it; and are you going, Clavis?" she suddenly exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon the trunk.

"I could not stay here now, Dora; I leave to-morrow for Europe."

A low wail came from the stricken girl; for an instant her frame shook violently. Then she arose to her feet, and pulled the wet shawl around her shoulders.

"There, there, I can not look upon you! The comforting angels stand by me! And now, Clavis, we part; we must say farewell! We may never meet again on earth; but, Clavis, I shall ever pray for you, for your happiness! And, Clavis, think—think sometimes of poor Dora! Clavis, one request. Kiss me once, and then farewell forever!"

She held her mouth up to him. In an impulsive moment, he leaned down, pressed his lips to hers, and drew her yearningly to his bosom. Then, releasing her, he staggered back against the mantel-piece.

Another moment, and the door was opened, and hurriedly closed.

Dora Howe had gone!

And then, after a moment's pause, a long, low cry wailed up, that winter night, and echoed in the now lonely room of Clavis Warne.

The young man sprung to the door, opened it, and looked out. But the blinding snow was scurrying down, and he saw nothing of poor Dora Howe.

That night, a poor wanderer, laughing wildly, muttering unmeaningly, crying at intervals, praying again, was picked up by the police.

Two days from that time, poor Dora Howe, a helpless maniac, was taken to her home in the interior.

And that home had already sorrow and sackcloth upon it. The head of the family had just died, and his widow and children were suddenly—and to the surprise of all—poverty-stricken.

The day following that eventful night, Clavis Warne, the young lawyer, sailed away from his native land.

(To be Continued.)

THE Saturday Journal

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LOOK OUT FOR IT!

Home Amusements.—Popular journals daily record the vices and crimes of society, which seem to increase from month to month, while the better portion of communities look on, and wonder if the devil is to have full sway in spite of the efforts put forth by religious and philanthropic organizations. "To what are we coming?" cries one. "Give us the enforcement of the laws!" says another; "The fault is with the police and judicial officers," says a third; and so on, through a long catalogue of reasons which may be correct to a degree, and yet which do not strike deep enough. What the republic needs at this moment is more home training, home amusements, home education and culture; and until fathers and mothers can be convinced of the necessity for these requisites, and urged into the adoption of them, the carnival of dissipation and crime will not abate, the young will go astray, as they are now doing, and people will hold up their hands in horror at the degeneracy of the age. The youth of the United States go to perdition more frequently from neglect at home than from any other cause. The mechanic thinks he has not time to look after the habits of his children. He clothes them, feeds them, sends them to school, and to the Sunday-school. Perhaps he occasionally drops a word of reproof and advice, in which he is joined by his wife; and they call that home training. Now what more does the business man do than the mechanic? Scarcely so much. There is a difference in the quality of the clothes, of the food, and the schooling; but it can not be said as a rule he devotes any more time and attention to his children than the artisan. Admitting that his offspring have the benefits of refined associations, do not daily occurrences prove that moral delinquencies are quite as frequent among the rich as among the poor? But what should be done? We venture to assert that if one-half the parents in the United States would give their attention, for the next ten years, to home amusements for the children, amusements which should involve healthful, rational enjoyment, the coming generation would be stronger men and women than those of any preceding generation. As a people we know comparatively little of the philosophy of amusements. Parents discuss politics and scandal, and crime, during their leisure moments at home, while the children sit by, longing for something to make time pass more pleasantly and rapidly. The latter are sent away to devise their own sports, while the fathers and mothers devote themselves to social engagements, or personal ease. After a time, the boys find their amusements away from home, perhaps in places of questionable repute; and the girls suddenly assume the airs of young ladies, and devote themselves to late hours, receptions, senseless small-talk, and to beaus noted more for their fascinating manners than their good morals. So matters go on quietly, until society is startled by the announcement of unexpected crime or awful disgrace. Such dramas are being enacted every week of the year. Would not parents be repaid by devoting more time to the amusements of home, and less to business and social pleasure?

Slurs upon Women.—Of all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of nothing more blighting in its moral effects than to speak slightingly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken, as the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mother and sisters, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody else's mother and sisters. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one, and deep rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or lewd women, they have no more right to measure other women by these than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the departments of crime in our police courts. Let our young men remember that their chief happiness depends upon their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like a record of God itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are won't to speak slightingly of women.

The Sham Family.—De Cordova, in his lecture on "The Sham Family," says that the most foolish and wicked of the family is the man who brings his son up, or allows him to come up, thinking that a trade which was good enough for the father was not good enough for the son. Other members of the family are described in the persons of the Pennimans. Mr. Penniman, the father, a down-town merchant, is a man who is continually in a whirl, thinks no part of his business can go on without him, and really mistakes a total lack of system for an overwhelming pressure of business. Mrs. Penniman is a strong and robust woman, but she robs another child of its natural food by compelling the mother to nurse her offspring. Miss Penniman, a strong and robust young woman, with feet sufficiently large, puts on a Grecian bend and toddles down Broadway in a manner which is exceedingly ridiculous to all who are not insane on fashionable frivolities.

The Great Want.—The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep, and strong. Men too large for sectarian bonds. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for.

Exaggeration.—One of our national peculiarities is a tendency to exaggeration; and we utter many things, which, if analyzed, would appear too bad to be consistent with proper regard for veracity. In ordinary conversation we admit it, and often make ourselves ridiculous through excess of terms. Hence we are "delighted" to see some one, regarding whom we are almost indifferent; we pronounce a thing "splendid" or "magnificent" that is merely beautiful, and exhaust hyperbole in speaking of some trifling matter that may hardly deserve a comment. In family conversation, exaggeration is very prominent, and sometimes offensively so. The mother who threatens to "skin alive" her child for some offense, and the father who promises, with equal sincerity, to flog a son "within an inch of his life," can not be surprised if the son disregards the threat altogether, as unworthy of consideration, or adopts it as his own, to be put in practice some day. Such promises had better never have been made, or they should be kept. "Father," says the boy, "I found that yearling calf among your young peas." "Why didn't you kill her?" yelled the old man. "I did," was the reply. The father didn't mean what he said, and the boy found it out. "You should correct that boy of yours," said the clergyman, "for he does exaggerate fearfully." "Yes, I know he does; and I have shed barrels of tears over him on that account." A good mother in our neighborhood says, "that her girls want to sit up all night, and lie abed all day," though they usually retire at ten o'clock and rise at seven. "She had a train more than a mile long," said Charles Augustus, speaking of a female friend, "and hundreds of people trod on it." "The horse ran away like lightning, and Julia's screams might have been heard a mile off." Such exaggerations do we hear every day. They are harmless, perhaps; something like water upon a duck's back, they don't go beneath the surface; but the "modesty and grace of nature" are marred by them, as blotches mar the fairest face, and the ear is offended by them. Good people are brought into ridicule by remarks that they know should not be made. The "splendor" of butter may be well doubted, and the "beauty" of potatoes unrecognized, though the fairest lips in the world had pronounced upon them.

An Old Maid.—Some one has thus written of a type of that class of women which seem so generally pitied, and which so many unmarried ladies appear terribly afraid of joining: "I know an old maid whom I have thought was sent to earth as a kind of apostle to all future old maids, to show them how lovely their lives may be made. She has reached a quiet, full life, and she seems to infuse a contented spirit into all her friends—her face is calm as a placid lake. She has a natural love for youth, and is a great favorite, of course, for children seem to know intuitively who is their friend. Many a childish confidence has been poured out into her kind ear, and many a poor, fainting soul has been refreshed and received new vigor from her life-infusing words.

She is their general spiritual benefactress—she readily understands their wants—helps them with a look, or quiet remark. Others may lead more brilliant lives, but few do as much real good as she. A true, noble woman will not be soured by suffering; she will grow better, and come from the fire like refined gold."

The Ideal Love.—The old question of strength of love, as between man and woman, will always have its two sides. There are so many points of difference between masculine and feminine regard—small points, some may say, yet peculiarly strong, withal—that the question, as a whole, may never be fully settled. Touching this matter, a writer in *London Society* thus remarks: "Is there any point wherein the ideal of love as conceived by man differs from that of a woman? I pretend not to be able to answer the question decisively, nor would I pronounce it absolutely certain that the man and the woman do not take radically the same view of the matter. Yet I have some confidence in suggesting by way of provisional opinion on the point, that the man sees the climax of love's bliss in the triumph, the conquest, the crowning moment when he clasps his bride; whereas the woman's deepest thought settles on the idea of wifehood, the abiding joy of married life. The supreme wish of the man is to have, not a wife, but a bride; the supreme wish of the woman, is to have, not a bridegroom, but a husband. As a general rule, the ardor of the woman increases after marriage, or concentrates itself into a quiet but intense and steady-burning flame of wifely devotion; the most fiery lovers almost invariably contrive to step composedly enough as husbands.

Rising Stars.

Courage.—There's nothing like having courage. Courage makes you happy. Courage keeps you in good health. Courage will bring riches and renown. But then how many there are who little think of this. Is there any thing good about the coward? Does he look as bright and honest as one who possesses courage? I answer no—not in my estimation. You take the brave youth, you will find he is always ready to do any thing good. Take the coward, and you will find that he will do any thing mean, or will have some one to do it for him—for you seldom find a coward who *dare* do it himself. Young man, if you are not brave, try and be. There is nothing made in being cowardly. I don't mean that you should endanger yourself in reckless adventures altogether, but to not be afraid to help your fellow-man—your fellow-school-boy, or any one who should wish it. Be not afraid to risk your life, if you find you can save that of another. Of course you say it is a hard thing to lose your life; yes, it is, but is it not just as hard to see that others are suffering? It is to me, and whenever I see any one in trouble, I am not long in trying to make them happy. Oh, young woman, you little think, when you pass those poor, disabled soldiers, that they trusted their lives to save you—to save our country. And yet there are many on the streets of New York who are trying to make their living by playing on the hand-organ, and you pass them by, with a proud and haughty look. I do not call that courage, but cowardice—yes, emphatically, do I say cowardice, because you are too proud, or too mean, to give them any thing. There was a poor, disabled soldier came to our city not long ago, with a beautiful toned hand-organ, and began to play in front of one of our principal stores, and the proprietor came out and ordered him away. That man called himself a *Christian*—I thought him a mean, cowardly Christian—or no Christian at all. A true Christian is a free giver, and not a kneller down to money. A man or woman of courage does not withhold every thing from his fellow-creatures, but does all he can to make them happy. The cowards do all they can to make you, and themselves, disagreeable.

"QUILL QUILLERSON."

The Pleasures of Music.—On a fine morning I arose from my bed in the best of humor, and sat down by the window to enjoy the scene, as a troop of boys, going to school, passed by, screaming "Captain Jinks" at the top of their voices. Scarcely an hour is passed, and the daughter of my landlady bounds up the platform with "Captain Jinks." I hear my barber coming up the stairs, with "Captain Jinks of the Army." The washerwoman brings my wash, and "Captain Jinks." And so on. My head is whirling. I can't stand it any longer; I run out of the house, and jump into a carriage, hoping that the noise of the wheels will drown the music of the street, but, scarcely am I seated, ere the driver strikes up with "Captain Jinks." I get out at Miss B's. "Is Miss B. at home?" The servant runs. Yes. The door flies open. Miss B. sits at the piano and meets me with, "I teach young ladies how to—" "You sing like an angel," gasp I, with a forced smile. "Oh, then, I will commence again from the beginning," whispers the flattered lady, and away she goes teaching young ladies, and teaching, teaching—until I grasp my hat and dash out of the house. I take a ride to Lafayette Park, enjoy myself very much, take a pleasure ride upon the lake; I am lost in pleasant meditations—when suddenly the brass-band gives a "Captain Jinks," with a brazen will. The whole blessed day am I obliged to hear that dreadful song. Even at the table I must hear it, and I am generally the first one that rises from it. The whole afternoon I am bored with "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Every one sings or plays it, yes, I believe even the dogs in the street bark it. With a terrible buzzing in my ears, I lay my aching head upon the lap of her that is to be my bride; she strokes my burning forehead and whispers in my ear: "I love you, and will ever be true to you;" she takes up the guitar and sings sweet songs until I am about to fall into delicious slumbers. Lovely pictures and visions haunt me, and—I am suddenly torn violently from my sweet slumbers, and hear the unfortunate one singing, "I feed my horse on corn and beans." In frantic despair, I fly from the blissful repose, hasten down the front steps, and bound like a wounded tiger to my boarding-house, throw myself into the bed, and until late in the night do I still hear them singing "Captain Jinks."

ALEXANDER.

AN EXTRA LINE FROM BROAD RIPPLE.

Respectable, but honest men
Who hook but do not steal life,
Enjoying, when the wind don't blow,
The luxuries of reel life;
We make our bow, and beg to say,
With all a fish's graces,
Your many lines for us are cast
In most unpleasant places.

By minnows do you draw us on,
Whereby we are diminished,
And much we fear the tribes of Fin
Will very soon be finished;
Our eyes are very wet, indeed,
And faded are our pleasures,
Since in our ranks, oh, fishermen,
You've left so many fissures!

The runs are heavy on these banks,
And heavy draws we see, too,
And here will average one fish-bite
To two of a musket;
We'd like to know why most of you
Who week days use a wand-line
Are often very sure to come
On Sundays with a hand-line?

Oh very narrow is the way
That leadeth to Broad Ripple,
And some hands come to tip the rod,
And some lips come to tip-ple.
Here some recline upon a log,
And gently heave the log-er;
They'd have more room if they would fish
Within their kegs, we augur.

Men of the order angle-ar,
When you go trolling along, sirs,
We find 'tis not a tender string
On which your bass is strung, sirs.
And much complaint is often made
By denizens of Fin-land,
Because you jerk so hard and land
Them two or three miles inland.

Our net loss it is very large
Aside from the pole evil,
Not Baptists we, but us you dip
In manner most uncivil.
When home you go you often tote
Some very heavy totals,
And leave your fishing corks behind,
Beside their native bottles.

Oh, let the scales fall from your eyes
Ere you of us grow hated,
And let this trapping with a bait
Forever be abated.
Yes, spoil the rod and spare the bass,
Take heed from this our letter,
And while we wish you a farewell,
We wish that we'd fare better.

OF-FISH-ILLY, UNCAUGHT BASS.

Washington Whitehorn's

ANSWERS TO
CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A. CORN.—A convivial friend of ours offers the following answers to your question in regard to the finer feelings.

When you are humfuzzled you feel that another glass would make you feel so much better.
When you are half shot you feel that you don't care a sentimental copper for a continental dime.

When you are boozey you feel that one man is just as good as another or anybody else.

When you are half tight you can't remember whether you have paid for the last drink or not.

When you are tight you can't distinguish your aunt from a carpenter-shop.

When you are corned you feel that you are under no obligations whatever to your poor relations.

When you are high you feel that every lamp-post is your wife and embrace her.

When you are drunk you feel that a seat on the hard down of a curb-stone is preferable to a seat on the soft down of a sofa.

When you are dead drunk the flies promenade over your face cease to trouble you, and you feel that the weary are at rest.

When you are stiff you don't care whether they bury you or not so they don't say anything about it to your wife.

C. H. T.—Of course you and I never think ourselves above anybody, but if we have one failing more than another, it is that we consider everybody else a little below us. We are willing to acknowledge that we have some little faults, but we are discreet enough to let no one see them. You're right; they never catch us asleep! We wouldn't allow ourselves to go down town with our coat collar turned under, like some do. No, indeed! Our indignation would extend clear back to the place we started from, wouldn't it? because we would have it in our heads that every one who saw it would recollect it for one hundred years. We oversee but never overlook our neighbor's faults, and judge everybody from our precious selves, don't we? Now, I stop to take a chew of tobacco, and ask you if we are entirely right?

H.—Honesty is one of the necessities of life, and therefore one of our wants. Many have a little of the article, but no one has enough to start shop with, and the price is likely to rise.

READER.—In reading novels, founded in any manner upon fact, you will, or would, find that Victor Montrose was none other than plain John Smith, and that Lenore Lascelles was none other than Jane Brown. Don't you see what a difference it makes in effect? Truly there is poetry in a name, and the toper who told the bar-tender that what he had given him for old brandy was nothing but common whisky, spoiled his drink. However, you may think with Shakespeare, that a *name* by any other name would smell as sweet.

X.—We think we can safely say and affirm that the only certain thing in this life is uncertainty. Ask us something else.

JAMES.—We advise you to try industry, or your marriage tie will be poverty; the cry of your children will be bread stuff and meat's tough, and your wife will be obliged to go round in her bare shoes.

FORSAKEN.—Your "Lines to a flirt," are funny. If you talked in prose to her as you talk in poetry, there is little to blame in her for "learning to love another." The lines are very truthful in the sense in which we take them, and that we are sorry to say is *no sense*. You say "My heart is broke;" pray didn't your head sustain a similar injury? We haven't a compositor in the office who has moral stomach enough to set them up. We handed them to our devil, but he unflinchingly ordered them to go to the old man. Please come up and take them away.

ELLA.—Your "Country Parson" is something I can't parse-on. It may be a noun but it is no object to us. In our singular number it is impossible to print it. And so we must consider it in the objective case and decline it.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

The Mad Guide.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

INTENDING to spend a day or two in fishing at Indian Lake, in John Brown's Tract, I engaged a guide at a little settlement about a day's journey from the lake.

The guide was a thin, languid creature, with a subdued expression of countenance. What struck me most in his appearance was his extreme pallor. Remarking upon it, he told me he had suffered much from ague. He had been known to the landlord of the little inn where I found him but a short while, having but lately removed from the village of the Upper Adirondack works.

Still he had given sufficient evidence to the landlord of his knowledge of the locality I was desirous of visiting.

We started the next morning, bright and early, with our knapsacks containing a stock of provisions (consisting principally of trout and venison), and with our rifles on our shoulders, through the woods, by a path of blazed trees. The distance was ten miles, the way was toilsome, and I was delighted when we emerged in the sunset light upon the lake.

It was a wild, lonely scene as one could imagine. There lay the lake, a gleaming gem, in its setting of hilly forests, which advanced to the very edge, ranks of trees in many instances inclining over the water, as if pushed by the crowd of their fellows in the rear.

The only sign of life was a solitary loon sailing in the middle of the lake, and starting the echoes with his ringing, stammering cry, which only served to make the solitude more lonely.

The guide, whose name was Sharpe, after building me a fire to keep off the flies, made with celerity and skill a little shanty of spruce bark, in which to pass the night. My slumbers on the elastic hemlock boughs

were deep and refreshing, and it was not till the risen sun had transmuted the dark scene I had bidden adieu to, into gold, that I awoke. Sharpe was absent; but in about an hour he returned, having since daylight been engaged, as he informed me, in searching unsuccessfully for the dug-out which belonged to the lake. He had, however, discovered a raft, probably left by some fishing party, moored at the margin of a little cove nigh by, with a sweep or long oar in the thicket beside it. A rain, almost immediately after he returned, came up and confined us prisoners to the shanty till late in the afternoon. We passed the time, I in listening, and he in relating his hunting stories and adventures with the panthers and wolves of the wilderness.

Although I was pleased with him, yet I did not altogether like the frequency of his draughts from my bottle of spirits. He drank with an avidity which betrayed a strong proclivity toward that kind of excitement. His face became flushed, and his eyes wandering. Still he was not, in the strictest sense, intoxicated. About sundown the rain ceased, and we launched our raft upon the lake. We made our way toward the middle, Sharpe propelling the raft by means of the sweep, while I cast out my line for trolling.

While I was engaged in my sport, I happened to glance toward my guide. I had, as I supposed, hidden the whisky in a nook of the shanty, but, to my surprise, I caught Sharpe raising the bottle to his lips. I rose with the intention of taking it from him, he having, as I thought, imbibed already too much of the fiery liquid; but before I could execute my intention, he had drained its contents. For a minute or two, he worked at the sweep, when suddenly, with a yell, and with eye-balls bursting from their sockets, he reared it over his head and sprang at me, as if to cleave my skull. I had brought with me my rifle, to shoot a chance duck, and seeing one just rising from the water, had just at that moment abandoned my line and seized my weapon. I had barely time to intercept the blow with it, when, dashing down the sweep, he bounded at me with his drawn wood-knife. The next instant, however, he turned, thrust his knife at the empty air, then making a desperate clutch, he struggled for a moment, and, bending, drove his knife so violently into the raft as to break the blade close to the handle. Then, with another wild yell, he rushed to the edge of the raft, and leaped into the water. He swam with great skill, pointing for the opposite shore, occasionally rearing himself breast-high and striking out with his arms, as if battling with some adversary. I watched until I saw him reach the bank, and, with one more yell, bound into the woods.

Here was a pleasant predicament for me; in the midst of a pathless wilderness, with a mad guide for my only neighbor. I anticipated that, with the cunning of insanity, he might, as his wandering fancies dictated, seek me out, and perhaps, taking me unawares, murder me. True, he had broken his knife, and the sweep was in my possession; but his hatchet still furnished him with a weapon deadly enough to stealthily dispatch me. But there was no help for it; so, dropping the useless knife into the water, and determining to seek the shanty, and, barricading it as strongly as possible, keep watchful vigil during the night, which, from the rain that had

already commenced, promised to be a stormy one, I propelled the raft toward the shore. Reaching it, I took with me the sweep, gained the shanty, and placed a couple of light logs, one on the other, at the entrance. On examination of my rifle, however, I discovered to my dismay that the lock had been so injured by the collision with the sweep as to render the weapon, so far as firing was concerned, worthless. Still, trusting to chance for defense, should it become necessary, I sat down on the hemlock boughs with eye and ear both open. The night closed in dark and tempestuous. The rain fell heavily; the blast surged through the trees like a heaving ocean, and, amid the voices of the storm, I could hear the deep sound of the rollers upon the shore.

The hours dragged slowly along. Once I started, as a wild shout struggled up through the hoarse roar of the blast and the splash of the swells, thinking it the voice of my approaching foe; but the next sound showed me it was the cry of the loon upon the lake.

Next morning I went down to the lake in the hope that I might see some wandering hunter searching the coves for the trout which swarmed in their secluded depths, and the fame of which extended throughout the region. The lake lay before me, rippling in the light morning breeze, with the green pictures of bank and headland undulating upon it. Had my mind been entirely at rest, I would have enjoyed to the uttermost the pleasant solitude and silence everywhere prevalent. The loon glided past in his splendid hues, riding high in the water, pointing his sable beak in all directions, as if to discover the presence of some lurking foe in his lonely haunt, and occasionally uttering his wild screams, as if in warning of some coming danger. The wood-duck whizzed from the impending tree, and, dropping upon the water, urged his swift way by his rich golden feet, to some feeding-spot in the water-grass. The copperhead duck, too, the most frequently found in our northern lakes,

artifices to which his insane brain might have recourse. My only safety lay in noticing every thing the least peculiar, with any means of defense I chanced on ready. Often did I sweep my eye around to see if succor was approaching; but in vain. The forests slept in the deepest repose, the lake stretched before me in its glittering tints, unbroken by any boat. I began my return to the shanty, determined to pass all the time I could in its comparative security. It was well supplied with the parched corn, dried venison and smoked trout we had brought with us. A rill sparkled near, and I rested easy on the score of both provisions and water. While I was musing upon my situation, I passed under a dense white pine. Suddenly the branches shook, a form leaped from it, like a panther, evidently to throw itself upon me and bear me to the earth. It just grazed me as it leaped, and again tumbled at my feet. It was Joe. He struck at me with his hatchet, as the rattlesnake launches his fangs, but providentially missed me. Again he sprang up and again vanished in a neighboring thicket. The peril was so close and threatening, I shuddered, and rushing to the shanty, I secured the door with two logs, and threw myself on the couch of spruce branches that had been provided for my slumber.

What should I do—to what plan resort, to extricate myself from a danger so pressing? I knew not; I seemed perfectly helpless. I had looked into the eyes of death many times. I had tossed on the swells of the Upper Saranac in my frail boat when I thought every moment would prove my last. I had wandered in the forest, with the thunder-storm raging overhead, fierce lightnings cleaving the trees, and the wild wind prostrating them in all directions, and felt that my hour had come. I passed one dreadful night on the bare peak of Tahauris, unsheltered, with the wind, a little less than a hurricane, whirling the mad snow all about me, chilling my blood, and threatening every instant to sweep me down into the horrible chasms below. I

coat of the simulated animal was cast aside, and Joe, with his hatchet, stood before me. Again he bounded full at my breast with uplifted weapon; but before the blow could fall, I rushed within the shanty and secured the door. I heard the yell of baffled rage the insane wretch sent up, and the shanty shook as he hurled his mad strength against the door. But it resisted his utmost efforts, and he at last disappeared with a shriek that froze my veins. He had doubtless slain the animal, coming upon him while in a trap some hunter had placed. These traps are of frequent occurrence in the woods, and this was the hypothesis I had formed to account for his possession of the skin. I, on my way back to the settlements, actually passed the trap chained to a tree, and saw the stains of blood around it, where the madman had doubtless dispatched the animal. Sunset shone through the forests and upon the lake, but I was not tempted from my retreat. Night came, and I knew the stars were sparkling in the soft heavens, but I ventured not forth. On rolled the hours, but I could not sleep. I heard the owl hoot and the loon cry throughout that dreary night. At length the dark, narrow opening in the roof began to turn dusky, and then gray, in the dawn. The gray brightened into a clear light, and through it I saw the tip of a tamarack by the lake, flushed, like the heart of a rose.

Suddenly, a wild visage rose in the clear space, and I saw a pair of red eye-balls gleam with insane delight as they met my gaze. In a moment the roof was hurled down, and Sharpe stood before me with uplifted hatchet as before. Deeming my case desperate, but calculating on his ignorance of my rifle being useless, I aimed the weapon full at his heart, just as he was about to spring upon me. The ruse succeeded; he vanished through the opening as suddenly as he had appeared. A few minutes only elapsed, however, when I heard him climb again above, and saw him plunging, feet foremost, through the opening. He fell in a heap at my side, the hatchet dropping from his clutch, and remained motionless. Guessing the truth, that he had sprained his ankle with his plunge, I rapidly as possible bound his hands and feet with the stout cord with which I had secured my knapsack to my shoulders, on my tramp hither.

In a little while he stirred. He started convulsively, as if to spring again at me, his fierce eyes fairly blazing, while he poured forth a torrent of invectives.

"Aha!" he would scream. "I know you; you're a devil—a red-hot, blazing devil, with red snakes in your hair! Do you think I'm going?" rolling his mad eyes at me, with the white of the sockets gleaming broadly out, "to let you breathe out flame to scorch my life out? I'll—I'll," writhing and struggling to free himself from the cord, till I thought it would cut to the bone, and yelling, "I'll claw your heart out of your body! Ha-ha-ha! I'll give you the real bear's hug, and," gnashing and grinding his teeth till foam flew from his purple lips, "I'll tear you jest as a panther tears a deer! Yes, yes, mister red-devil, won't I?"

I sat and listened to his ravings, revolving in my mind what course I should take in my dilemma. I had about decided to push for the settlement and return with assistance, whereby the poor mad wretch could be brought back to his home, when voices sounded without, and the next moment four men in red hunting-shirts rushed into the shanty.

"Why, what's all this noise about?" exclaimed one. "If there isn't Wild Joe, and in his tantrums ag'in. You've had a lucky escape of it, mister," turning to me. "The very moment he gets drunk, he's as crazy as a loon, and ugly as Satan himself. How did you happen to get into such a fix with him?"

I related briefly as possible the circumstances. "The landlord didn't know him. We all do here, though. We live at the Upper Works. There isn't a more dangerous man in the world than Wild Joe Sharpe, when he's been drinking. But I'm glad we're here, so we can take care of both of ye!"

They then told me they were also on a visit to the lake for the purpose of fishing, having camped the day before some little distance from the opposite shore; but that they would, the next morning, leave for the settlement whence I had come. By that time the mad fit would probably leave Sharpe, or if not, they would bear him back between them. The day passed away, two of them engaged in fishing by means of the raft; one in hunting, securing a fine deer, and the spokesman of the party and myself watching Joe. Having exhausted himself with raving, Sharpe had fallen into a heavy slumber, from which he awoke the next morning, perfectly restored in mind, though prostrated in strength. So weak was he, we concluded to delay our return till the next morning. Whether he remembered his ebullition, I know not; at all events he said nothing about it, neither did he give any sign by his behavior of its recollection. We reached the settlement at sundown the day we started, he walking all the way. I bade adieu to the kind-hearted hunters, who had helped me in the hour of need, with many heartfelt thanks. Sharpe is since dead, having, as I heard, stabbed himself to the heart with his wood-knife, in a fit of delirium tremens, after a debauch at the settlement where I found him.



WITH EYE-BALLS BURSTING FROM THEIR SOCKETS, HE SPRUNG AT ME.

showed his emerald plumage and orange legs upon and through the crystal water, with here and there a black-duck guiding his fleet from point to point. Suddenly I saw, pushing around a headland, our craft of the day before. A pile of brush lay carelessly upon it, as if some loosened bush had fallen there accidentally. There was nothing particularly to arrest my attention in this floating of the raft in the many currents of the lake. It had been left not very securely fastened to the shore by wild grape-vine, and the heaving of the rollers in the storm of the preceding night might well have torn it from its moorings, and sent into the lake. It was a tangled spot, too, where I had moored it, and the wind might have detached one of the scarce-rooted cedar bushes to fall upon the platform. Altogether, the sight scarcely caught my notice. On slowly came the raft toward me. And I congratulated myself on the prospect, which I now thought of for the first time, of not only converting it into a means of an occasional float upon the water, but as a possible medium of security from the attacks of the madman, in placing myself at any time in the middle of the lake. The raft now touched the bank, and I was hurrying to seize it, when the brush was dashed aside, a wild eye met mine—it was Joe's. He sprang forward with a yell, brandishing a hatchet, and I should have fallen a victim to his fury, had he not stumbled against a root, and pitched headlong at my feet. Before I could recover myself from the suddenness of my surprise, he, finding me prepared with my wood-knife, which I flashed from my belt, bounded to his feet and vanished up the bank into the forest.

This occurrence troubled me sorely. It showed the cunning tricks to which insanity can resort to effect its object, and admonished me I could not be too careful in noting everything the least suspicious. To what stratagem would he next resort? I bitterly regretted the loss of my rifle, and that the hatchet had remained in his possession. I almost gave myself up for lost. I could not, probably, bar myself from all the

had fled on the ice of the Lower Saranac with the famished wolves in chase, until the light of a chance hunter's camp-fire flashed into their eyes and daunted their closer approach. I had been whirled almost into the foam of Percifield Falls, by the casual overturning of my boat on the protruding foot of the wing-dam at the head, and only escaped by clinging to a friendly hand that an impending pine extended to me. But to perish by the blow of a madman, here in these lonely woods, where my body might never be discovered, but, on the contrary, fall to the share of the panther and raven, was a fate at which I might well tremble. At last my thoughts became so insupportable that I opened the door of my shanty and sallied out. No succor near. A white-pine was murmuring, as if sounding my dirge, and I caught sight of the black raven of the woods floating overhead, as if anticipating his feast. I thought I saw his keen, black eye fastened upon me; I distinctly heard his wild, dismal croak, as if bidding me prepare for my certain doom. Whither should I flee? While I was shooting rapid glances around the forest landscape, on which the sun was pleasantly gleaming, I saw a bear spring from a vista of the woods. It came pacing slowly along in a direction evidently toward me. There was nothing to catch very particularly my attention. Bears frequently approach the human form, for of all wild animals, it is the most stolid and the least suspicious. Its curiosity often leads it close to the presence of man, if no movement on his part daunts it away. On he came, in his awkward, waddling gait, and had now approached so near that at last my suspicions were awakened. It did not appear all right. I scarcely knew what to make of it. Was it so wild with hunger that it would venture to attack me? Had it become so enraged by the chance loss of its young that it had conquered the natural fear all animals have of battling with human foes? It had now approached so close that I caught the glare of its wild eye-balls. I turned to reënter my shanty. As I did so, the bear stood erect, the shaggy

Wild Nathan: THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGER.

BY PAUL J. PRESCOTT.

CHAPTER VII.

HOLED.

LEAVING Vic and the girl to pursue their way, we will follow the hunters.

They had an exciting chase, and brought down several fine animals, from which they selected a considerable quantity of the choicest portions, and then prepared to start for the cave.

As Wild Nathan untied the halter of his steed, from the horns of a buffalo, he suddenly straightened himself up, and bounding into the saddle, exclaimed:

"Look thar! We're in for a race."

Kent turned, and looked in the direction indicated, and saw, not forty rods distant, a large band of mounted Indians coming toward them at a furious gallop.

"Turn toes!" shouted Nathan. "Don't let the grass grow under yer feet nuther," and in an instant the three were flying over the prairie, followed by the whooping savages.

At first they all kept together, but in a short time the mule bestrode by Scip evidently came to the conclusion that there was no necessity for him to exert himself quite so much, and slackened his pace, so as to be several rods in the rear of Kent and Rogers, much to the dismay of his rider, who alternately addressed himself to the mule and to his friends in advance.

"G'long, ye obstinate beastess," he exclaimed, with a terrified glance over his shoulder. "Don't ye kno' we shall be clean gobbled up an' eat, we shall? G'long, I tell ye! In 'nother minnit we shall be cotched ef ye don't hurry. G'long, ye lazy debbel! G'long!"

Then raising his voice:

"Hol' on dar, boys! 'Tain't fair to run away from a feller in dis way, 'clar 'tain't! Hol' on; dar's no sort o' danger. What ye goin' so fast for?"

"Git up! G'long! Oh! o-o-h! Gorry, we shall be killed," he spluttered, as an arrow flew past him. "Now, see here, ole hoss, you mus' go faster, 'deed ye mus'! Don't no' what ye mean by gwine so slow. Don't ye kno'—"

"I say dar, ye fellers is scart! Dar's no sense in yer gwine so fast, fur dar ain't a speck o' danger, not a bit! Jes' see how cool dis chile takes it! Don't look well fur ye to go so fast, nohow. Hol' on now! I tell ye dar's no— Oh, de Lor! G'long!"

The frightened darkey "ducked" his head, as an arrow struck the fore-shoulder of the mule, and was agreeably surprised to see that this time his "G'long" was heeded, for the mule, feeling the arrow, kicked his heels in the air, and with a snort was off, with such an increase of speed, that in a moment he had overtaken the others, and thereafter, the only trouble his rider had, was to keep him from going too fast.

"Ye ain't takin' it so cool as ye was, be ye?" asked Wild Nathan, as the negro shot past him.

"Ye'd better go faster," answered Scip; "dey ain't fur behind, an' it's much dangerous to have 'em so clus. Will dey cotch us, t'ink?"

"Guess not," replied the trapper. "In half an hour we'll be on tew Deep Creek, an' I guess we'll fool 'em then. Ef we don't," he added, under his breath, "it'll be apt tew go hard with us, for the buffer-hunt tired our hosses somewhat."

Silence ensued between the trio, who anxiously watched the distance between themselves and pursuers, and were gratified to observe that it did not perceptibly lessen.

On they went at a steady gallop. Wild Nathan had said that as long as it was possible to keep out of reach at that pace, it was best, as their animals would soon need their strength for the final stretch.

The Indians were about thirty rods distant. Ten, fifteen minutes passed, and then the fugitives approached the bank of Deep Creek.

"Foller me," exclaimed the old trapper, as his horse plunged into the stream, followed by the others.

They were in the woods, so that their pursuers were hidden from view, and Kent was surprised to see that the trapper headed his horse up the stream, thereby going closer to the Indians, who were up the creek a short distance, and not far from the bank.

"Keep clus tew me," said Wild Nathan, "an' keep perfectly still."

"Are you mad?" asked the young man. "We are throwing ourselves into their hands."

"Be we?" said the trapper. "Wal, I guess not. D'ye want tew be sculped?"

"Of course not."

"Then foller me an' keep still. Don't shake yer jaw-bones so, Scip; they'll hear yer teeth chatter!"

In dead silence the little party kept up the stream, while the yelling Indians followed their land trail, and arrived at the stream about the time our friends were twenty rods above.

"Keep powerful still," admonished Nathan, as he turned his horse's head to the shore.

"Don't make a sound. Ef ye do, we're jest as good as baldheaded. Keep clus tew me."

The others were not disposed to disregard this advice, and in a moment they were all on dry land.

"This way," said the trapper, starting off through the woods. "Step karful, Rocky."

The horse seemed to understand and made but little noise. After going at a trot for a short distance, the trapper struck into a gallop, in which he was imitated by the others. Ten minutes' sharp riding brought them to the little rocky gorge, leading to a small rock-enclosed dell, where the horses were generally kept.

"Step lively," said the trapper, as he dismounted; "won't be long till the reds will find they're fooled, an' then they'll be arter us."

"Well," said Kent, "why didn't they follow us? What prevented them from seeing that we went up-stream?"

"Sandy bottom. Don't rile much an' settles so quick they couldn't see we'd been thar," replied the trapper. "They naterly s'posed we'd gone down, as the war away from 'em. Wagh! Old Nathan's good for 'em yit. Now, let's git for the cave!"

With great caution and the utmost silence, the fugitives hurried through the forest, and in due time found themselves at the cave. Vic and Marion were beginning to wonder at their long absence, and were agreeably surprised at their sudden appearance. In reply to their questions, Wild Nathan related the incidents of the race, adding:

"I reckon they'll feel ruther cantankerous about losin' us so slick, but I don't feel particularly sorry for 'em. Ef it hadn't been thet thar war quite so many of 'em, we'd 'a' stood an' had a scrimmage. I'd liked tew have deprived 'em of their sculp-lock. He-he! I tell ye, Vic, it war fun tew see thet darkey! His teeth chattered so, when we war in the woods, they follered us by the sound! It's a fact! I war ser'usly 'larmed for fear we should have tew chew his buffer-hump for him. Reckoned his teeth would all shake out."

"Oh, g'way now!" said Scip. "It's no such t'ing, Vic; he's foolin', he is! Warn't I 'way behind, takin' it cool, when ye fellers war runnin' like mad? Jes' ans'er dat, will ye?"

"Yes, ye war takin' it cool! Ye war so scart ye almost fell off yer mule! Gallinippers! Ye ought tew heard him holler 'G'long!' Wagh! Wagh!"

And the trapper "laughed till he cried" at the recollection, while the indignant darkey relapsed into sulky silence.

Wild Nathan had jeered at the negro so frequently concerning his cowardice, that he was getting to be sensitive on that subject.

"How long will we have to stay here?" asked Marion.

"Bout two days, I reckon," replied Vic. "Thar's one thin' thet I don't see how we are goin' tew git around. Thar's no hoss for Marion, an', blow me, ef I know whar we ar' goin' tew git one."

"It's a poster," said Wild Nathan, "but I've heern say thet perseverance an' sweet ile will overcome any thin', an' we've got the perseverance, if not the ile. Mebby buffer-fat would answer, though."

For the remainder of the day no one left the cave, but at dark Wild Nathan went out to attend to the animals, and insisted on having Scip accompany him. That worthy rather demurred.

"Ye afraid?" said the trapper, contemptuously.

"Ain't neither, tell you. Nebber war scart in my life," retorted the darkey. "De trufe is, my head aches, an' I don't feel like walkin'."

"Head aches!" ejaculated the trapper. "Wal, I should think it would! Ef my teeth had danced a double-shuffle for the length of time yern did, I couldn't speak in a month. Don't the hinge of yer jaw want ilein'?"

"Ye shet yer mouf!" replied Scip. "'S if I didn't know ye's a-lyin'. My teeth never chattered! I dunno what scart means; nebber war scart in my life!"

"I guess ye never war," said Wild Nathan. "Not more'n a thousand times. It war a sight, Vic, tew see him drum his mule an' holler—"

"Shet up!" roared Scip. "Where's my hat?"

And jamming his tile down over his woolly head, the darkey left the cave. The trapper followed, and in silence they took their way to the dell. Arrived at the narrow gorge which led thither, the trapper told the negro to remain there while he went and attended to the horses.

"Keep a sharp eye out for reds," he added, "an' if any of 'em gobbles ye up, jest holler an' I'll be here in time tew sculp ye."

With which comforting remark he vanished in the darkness, leaving the terrified African to his own reflections. He by no means relished the idea of being there alone, but knowing there was no alternative, he fortified his courage as well as he was able, and tried to think there was no danger.

"No sorter use in me standin' here," he grumbled, after some time; "ain't a speck o' danger of eny one comin' 'long. De trufe is, he's coward hisself. What's dat black t'ing? Oh, de Lor! S'pose it should be an Injun! 'Tain't dat; it's nothin' but a stump. Why don't dat feller come 'long?"

He leaned against the rocky wall, and peered fearfully around him, as if expecting to see something advance from the darkness upon him. To his terror his expectations were realized.

Before him, at the distance of half a dozen yards, rose up a tall dark form, which advanced toward him, with uplifted arm.

"Oh de Lor, I'm a goner!" yelled the terrified African, as he turned and ran precipitately toward the cave, followed by the object of his fright, at a little distance behind.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the pursuer, in a voice that sounded suspiciously like the trapper's. "He feels like runnin' ef not like walkin'! Guess I'll stop; he'll think I'm arter him all the same."

And the mischievous trapper slackened his pace, and walked leisurely along. Not so with Scip. He made the best time he was capable of and that was by no means slow—stumbling over sticks and stones in his headlong career, and not once stopping to look behind. As he bowed along, head down and arms flying, he was suddenly grasped and thrown to the ground.

Wild Nathan, walking slowly at some distance behind, was startled suddenly by a succession of yells, and shrieks of the negro, of such an earnest and explosive kind, as convinced him something serious was the matter.

Grasping his knife and revolver, he bounded forward, and in a moment had reached the scene. In the darkness he could only distinguish several dark forms struggling on the ground, among which he had no difficulty in recognizing Scip, from the volley of exclamations and ejaculations, interspersed with grunts and groans, which issued from his mouth.

The trapper fired his revolver at two of the enemy and then grappled with a third, leaving only one for the negro to contend with. The

trapper's adversary was a large, muscular Indian, and for a time it seemed doubtful which one would come off conqueror. They rolled over and over in the darkness, sometimes the hunter uppermost and anon the savage. At length the trapper, whose right hand held the throat of the savage, and whose left pinioned the arm of his adversary, discovered that the Indian, with his unoccupied hand, was endeavoring to draw his knife. Still keeping his hold he waited till the knife was partly drawn from the sheath, and then letting go his hold on the savage's throat, he grasped the knife and plunged it into his red bosom almost to the haft.

Shaking himself loose from his now helpless foe, he turned to see how the negro fared.

"Take dat!" he was saying, "an' dat, an' dat! Yah, yah! Guess ye never see dis nigger butt! I'll learn ye to tackle niggers what's walkin' peaceably 'long an' mindin' dere own concerns. Don't ye wish ye'd never see'd dis chile? Yah, yah!"

"Want enny help?" asked Wild Nathan.

"Not a speck! Dis chile's good fur one Injun. He's mos' dead now. Take dat, dum ye," and with a tremendous whack on his adversary's head, the negro rose to his feet. In the excitement of the fight he had forgotten his cowardice and fought with a purpose, and to a purpose, as his prostrate foe showed.

"We'd better be gettin' out o' this," remarked the trapper, as he coolly replaced his knife.

"It's noways likely these are all thar is about. And in view of this fact, it might be as well for us tew emigrate."

Accordingly the two men left the spot in silence, and with great caution. The trapper well knew that the four Indians were not alone, and that in all likelihood there was a large party not far distant.

When near the cave they encountered Vic, who had sallied out on hearing the firing, and together they entered the cavern.

"Are you all safe?" asked Kent, anxiously, as the tall form of Wild Nathan appeared from the passage-way.

"Safe an' sound," responded the trapper, as the others entered.

"What was the trouble?" asked Kent.

"Wal, ye see," said the trapper, with a sly twinkle, "Scip war walkin' peaceably 'long, when he war set upon by four of the red niggers. Naterly enough, he didn't like tew be disturbed in a quiet walk, an' he—wal, he holled a few, an' I 'rived in time tew make the 'quaintance of three on 'em, an' he finished t'other one."

"Guess he wished he hadn't 'sturbed a peaceable nigger," said Scip, loftily.

"How'd ye come tew be down thar, when I told ye tew wait in the gorge till I come?" asked Wild Nathan, gravely.

The negro was taken slightly aback.

"I—wal—ye see—I—got tired waitin' fur ye, so I started this way. I went slow, an' knowed ye'd cotch me 'fore I got here," stammered the confused darkey.

"Yas. Mought I ask what ye call goin' fast, ef yer gait was slow? I shouldn't like tew run a race with ye, ef thet's a slow gait with ye. Why didn't ye hug thet feller thet 'peared to ye thar in the gorge, 'stead o' runnin' like a streak o' lightnin'?" asked the trapper.

Scip stared. "I didn't—I—I never run!" he ejaculated at last. "Whar was you?"

"Wagh," laughed Wild Nathan. "I crept up thar an' riz up suddenly afore ye. Reckon yer blood must be kinder stagnated standin' so long, an' thought a little exercise mought be good for ye. Ha! ha!" and the trapper laughed till the cave rung.

"Twould 'a' done ye good tew seen thet race," he continued. "I've seen locomotives runnin' full steam down grade, but it warn't a circumstance 'long side o' thet darkey! He looked like a streak o' greased lightnin', an' went about as fast. Ef I could locomote in thet style, I wouldn't look at enny hoss thet ever lived. I'd give up trappin' an' go tew carryin' telegraph dispatches. 'Electrical telegraph wouldn't be nohow, for speed."

And again the trapper indulged in a hearty laugh, in which he was joined by the others, with one exception. Scip did not seem to see where the laugh came in, and sat in somber silence.

Shortly after this, they prepared for the night. Several skins were spread down and quite a comfortable couch formed for Marion, and the men stretched themselves out on the cave floor.

The following day wore wearily away. About noon Vic took his rifle and started out, saying:

"We're 'bout out of grub, an' I want tew stretch myself. Don't worry 'bout the redskins. Ef they hear my gun, which 'tain't likely they will, as it's got the faculty of not soundin' off, they'll know it's a trapper or an Injun, an' it's the gal they're arter. Ef they git arter me, I'll bet they'll have a chance tew measure sile."

The cave was dreary enough. The only light was that afforded by a torch, and as, of course, the inmates were doomed to idleness, time passed rather slowly. Marion expressed a wish to see the cave, and Kent procured a torch and led the way, followed by Scip and the maid.

"Will you come?" asked Kent of the trapper, who made no movement to join them.

"No, guess not," was the reply. "I've 'sploded if often 'nough. Go ahead."

The trio proceeded through the various rooms, wondering and admiring the structure, and to Marion, who had never before been in a cave, it was a wonderful place.

"One thing about this puzzles me," said the young man, holding the torch aloft, as they stood in the furthest apartment, "and it is this. There is a slight circulation of air through the cavern, very perceptible when the stone is removed from the entrance; but there is no trace of an opening anywhere. I have searched repeatedly without success."

"This apartment is higher than the others," said Marion. "How gloomy it looks! Hold the torch this way, Wayne; I fancy that spot looks peculiar. Ah! it is an opening!"

"True," said Kent, "but it is high up. And the wall is on such an angle that climbing is impossible. I regret it, as I have some curiosi-

ty to know where it opens. It seems strange that it should admit no light. It is at least twenty feet from the floor."

Having thoroughly explored that part of the cavern, the party slowly retraced their steps to the first room. Vic had returned, and the two trappers sat in a dejected attitude, which struck Kent with a thrill of apprehension.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Ye look sort o' down in de mouf," said Scip, without waiting for a reply. "Ye lubly countenances is drawn down to a 'larming length. What's up?"

"Matter enough," said Vic, replying to Kent's question. "The Injuns have discovered the cave an' we're boxed up!"

Marion sunk down pale with apprehension.

"Oh de Lor!" ejaculated Scip, "what'll we do?"

"How did it happen?" asked Kent.

"Wal," said Vic, "it war in this way. I war 'way up the creek two three miles, an' I had a little bout with three copper-skinned, an' worsted two on 'em, an' t'other one took leg-bail. I kep' a sharp look-out, an' I'm powerful sartin there warn't any o' 'em follered me, but the fact is, the woods is full of 'em. I seen more'n forty signs. I come back here an' hadn't been here long when I heerd a noise at the doorway thar. I jest peeked out of the passage, an' thar war a pesky red-skin peekin' in! I got my gun up a leetle the quickest, but the imp see'd me an' drew back, an' slammed the stun down in a jiffy. Then we heerd them jabberin' out thar, an' hootin' an' yellin'!"

"That must have been the noise I heard when in the further cave," remarked Kent. "It was so faint I supposed it was Nathan, and thought no more about it. If there was only another outlet to the place! We discovered a small opening in the last apartment, but it is twenty feet from the floor, and can not be reached."

"Why?" asked Nathan, "can't we climb?"

"Law," put in Scip, "the wall slants toward the middle of the room at the top. It's like clim'in' the underside of a ladder that's set slantin'. Can't be done, nohow."

At the close of this scientific explanation, the trapper started up, and taking the torch, said:

"I'm goin' tew see. Come, Kent."

The young man followed, but in ten minutes they returned, saying that it would be impossible to escape through there, even if it led to the outer air, which was by no means certain.

"It's entirely impossible to reach thet hole," said Wild Nathan, throwing down the torch he held. "It can't be done. We're in a trap thet's sartin. We mought dig out of the mountain warn't so all-fired sleep. As it is thar's no chance tew come out fur enough from the red alligators tew escape unseen; an' thet ain't the worst on't nuther. Ninety-nine chances out'n a hundred, thet we'd come tew rocks thet would stop our tunnel."

"It's a tight place," said Vic. "Fur's I'm concerned, I shouldn't mind runnin' out thar an' fightin' 'em, or die tryin' it, but the gal's a different matter."

"Then I suppose we must content ourselves to stay here and starve," said Kent. "Of course the Indians will stay here."

"In course," said Vic, "but then, suthin' may turn up. We won't give up anyhow. Be ye purty courageous, Marion?"

"I can stand it as long as any one," she returned, bravely.

"The't's the talk!" said Vic. "Thar's no danger of starvin' for three days anyhow. This buffer-hump an' haunch of venison will last thet long, an' meantime we can use our wits tew find a way tew git out."

The rest of the day passed slowly enough. None of the captives felt very cheerful, and but for their serious situation, Scip's lamentations would have been ludicrous. He wished he had never come among "the Injuns," and declared if he "ever got among white folks ag'in, guess nobody'd cotch him runnin' 'round among wild Injuns!"

Night came at last, and the inmates of the cave retired as usual, with the exception of Wild Nat, who acted as sentinel. He took his station near the passage, and with old "Roarer," across his knees, kept watch through the long night.

It was nearly morning, being the "darkest hour just before dawn," when the hardy trapper, who had not once closed his eyes, heard a slight sound near the entrance of the passage. Instantly he was on the alert, and with ear strained, and eyes wide open, bent slightly forward, peering into the darkness.

The grating sound continued a moment, then a faint ray of light pierced the obscurity, and the outlines of a man's head and shoulders appeared. In another moment the loud report of a rifle reverberated through the cavern, and with a howl of pain the form disappeared.

"Wagh!" chuckled the trapper, dropping the butt of his rifle to the ground. "Guess thet feller won't have any call to 'slore this 'ere vicinity jest at the present speakin'. Reckon thar war an idee struck him—or suthin' else!"

"All unanam's!" he continued, as the sleeping man sprung up with exclamations of surprise, and the startled Marion asked what the matter was. "All right; I jest had occasion tew deal out justice tew a feller thet was tryin' tew sneak in without a pass! I sot as judge an' jury, an' convicted the chap of evil intentions, an' abated him, as a common nuisance."

"Zac'kly so," said Vic. "I shouldn't 'spose they'd be sich fools as tew think we'd sleep with both eyes shet. Guess they think we're green."

"Reckon they'll find we've got our eye-teeth out," added Wild Nat, as he rammed down a bullet.

"Oh, golly," sighed Scip, "I wish I war safe in the States. 'Tain't no fun 'tall, to fight Injuns."

"I wish we were safe out of here," said Kent, with an involuntary glance at Marion.

"I'm with ye thar," said Vic, emphatically. "Freeze me ef I ain't."

"I wouldn't mind it so much ef 'twarn't for the gal," said Wild Nathan, in a low tone, "tho' in course, I hain't enny great hankerin' tew starve in here. My mother is, plenty of briled buffer-hump, an' unlimited liberty."

The Indians were evidently satisfied with their attempt, for they made no further movement. Dawn soon came, but brought no change to the imprisoned party. The day wore on, noon followed morning, and evening noon, as Kent's watch showed; and still there was no change. Immured in the bowels of the mountain, afar in the vast wilderness, with no human being who knew of their situation, save their merciless foes outside, how could they hope for aught save death?

CHAPTER VIII. THE LAST HOPE.

It was the morning of the fourth day since the Indians had discovered the cave. The beleaguered whites had repeatedly endeavored to reach the opening in the last cavern, and had dug a tunnel in two directions, but were stopped both times after going a short distance by immense rocks. Their food was very nearly consumed, in spite of the fact that they had placed themselves on limited rations.

Vic, Wild Nathan and Scip were prowling about the various rooms, endeavoring for the hundredth time, to discover some mode of escape, while in the outer cavern Marion and Kent sat engaged in conversation.

"I could meet death bravely for myself," Kent was saying, "but for you to die in such a fearful manner, away in this wilderness—oh, my darling, it is so hard!"

Marion looked up with a brave smile. "Death will not seem hard, knowing that you love me," she said, simply. "We will go together."

He bent and kissed her. "God bless you!" he said.

Silence fell between them then, broken by the entrance of Wild Nathan, followed by the others. The tall form of the old hunter looked taller and more lank than ever, as he strode into the room and sat down with a sort of snort.

"This 'ere thin' is gittin' rather tiresome," he said, giving his speech emphasis by a series of nods. "I'll be teetotally flumbusterated 'fore very long. *Wouldn't I* just like tew git a chance at them yaller-skinned coots out yender! I'll bet my jack-knife ag'in' a chunk of lead, that they'd wish they'd died years ago! Fact is," went on the hunter, with a benignant grin, "I don't b'lieve it agrees with me tew not have 'nough tew eat. Some folks may git along 'thout grub, but I sw'ar I can't! My constitution ain't adapted, so tew speak, tew livin' on air. It ain't, I um!"

"Nor me nuther," said Scip, lugubriously. "I hain't had a square meal in four days. I can't live on nuffin, an' dar's no use in 'inkin' ob it. Ef I can't hab suffin eatable 'fore long I shall be dwindled away to askleton. I wished I'd nebber come West."

"We have heard nothing of the Indians since day before yesterday," said Kent. "Is it not possible that they may have left?"

"Humph!" said Vic, who sat near; "if you knowed 'em as well as I dew, ye wouldn't think of sich a thing. They are layin' low, in hopes that we'll be fools enough tew think they're gone, an' come out. A tomahawk waits for the fust man that shows his head."

Scip noticed Kent's remark, but did not hear Vic's reply, and appeared to be busily considering the chances of such a thing.

"Like 'nough dey have gone," he said, after a little; "'t wouldn't do no hurt to see."

"Wal," said Vic, "s'posen ye go out an' see." "Oh Lor," ejaculated Scip, "I can't. S'pose dey was dar, whar'd I be? You g'long!"

"Wal," said Vic, "I'm about caved in for want of some grub, an' we are all in the same fix. I'm a-goin' tew take jist one more tower of this honeycomb, an' see ef I can't find a hole out. Ef I can't, we'll begin another tunnel. We won't stop tryin'; it's root hog or die."

"It is useless to try to find an opening," remarked Kent. "We have searched over and again, and had there been one we must have found it."

Vic took a survey of the cave, however, as he had done a dozen times before, and without success.

"Now, then," he said, "let's dig another tunnel. It's doubtful, but thar's a chance for success. Let's begin here."

It was with hope at a very low ebb that the men began the work. Their success had been so poor hitherto, that they were beginning to despair. One man worked at a time, and in order to advance as rapidly as possible they changed every twenty minutes, and the digger fell back to help to remove the dirt. For instance, Vic dug, pushing the dirt a little behind him. Scip came next, who pushed the dirt still further back to Kent, who advanced it to Wild Nathan, whose business it was to keep the mouth of the hole clear. In this way they progressed rapidly, and in four hours had tunneled the distance of eighteen feet. Hope now began to rise. The soil was quite easily removed with their knives, and they had as yet experienced no difficulty with stones.

"We're gittin' along purty well," remarked Wild Nathan, as he industriously plunged his knife in the soil. "At this rate—Hello!"

His knife had struck something that sounded like stone. A gloom fell on the little party at the sound. Without a word the trapper continued his work, and in a moment the cause stood revealed. A huge rock—how large it was impossible to tell—obstructed the tunnel, and effectually cut off all hope in that direction. Dead silence reigned for a moment; then:

"Couldn't we dig round it?" suggested Kent, eagerly.

"Not much use to try," said Vic. "We'll see," said Wild Nathan.

They fell to work with a will. Fifteen minutes' effort proved that it was impossible, and the work was abandoned. With sinking hearts the men returned to the cave to relate to the waiting Marion the result of their undertaking.

"Wal, what next?" said Vic, throwing himself at full length on the cave-floor.

No one replied. "Next" looked very much like starvation to all. Silence reigned for some time, then Kent said:

"I propose that we take some method to find out if the Indians are really there yet."

"In course they be," said Wild Nathan; "but it'll do no hurt tew see."

There was a stout stick in the cave about six feet in length. Taking this, the old trapper walked into the passage-way.

"Stand behind me, Vic, and be red dy to shoot the first critter ye see. Stand out of sight, the rest of ye."

The trapper then advanced, closely followed by Vic, till he could reach the entrance by means of the pole he held. Then he took off his cap and hung it on the end of the stick, and pushed gently against the stone. It gave way after a moment, and the trapper pushed his pole forward till the top of the cap was in sight from outside. Silence followed, and he advanced it a few inches. Instantly a wild whoop rent the air, and half a dozen tomahawks were buried in the cap, as the savages dashed forward to the opening. One of the Indians exposed his person to view, and instantly Vic sent a bullet into him. The howl that followed, proved that the wound was fatal. Wild Nathan instantly drew back his stick, and the half-raised stone fell back to its place, while the two trappers backed into the cave.

"That's over," said Vic, "an' jist as I told ye. Thar's one red-skin less tew dance over our bodies, an' thet's one comfort."

"I'm clean dun starved," said Scip, after a pause, with a sidelong glance toward the little pile of dried buffalo-meat, all that remained of their provisions.

"Wal," said Wild Nathan, "so be we all, an' as it's now purty near night, I don't know but we mought as well finish the meat. We may as well eat while thar's vittals, as thar's only 'nough for one meal anyway, an' not half a one at thet. Fall to!"

The half-starved party needed no second bidding, and in a short time the last morsel had vanished.

"Marion," said Vic, "yer as near starved as eny of us, an' ye don't say a word. Yer the bravest gal I ever see'd."

"No use in complainin, when it is unavoidable," she said, with a faint smile.

"Wal," said Wild Nathan, "I've got one more idee. Ef thet fails, then good-by tew Betsey. Our epertaphs is writ!"

"What's the thin' tew be done?" asked Vic, while the others listened eagerly for the reply.

"Ye all know thet hole in the furdur cave? Wal, we've tried tew reach it an' couldn't. Now, in place of rocks an' thin's tew stan' on, which we hain't got, only 'nough in all tew reach 'bout seven feet, tharfore I purpose to let 'em reach thet fur, an' thet two of us, Vic and I, as we're tallest, stan' on thar, an' one of ye climb up on us an' reach thet hole. It kin be done, an' it shall."

"And if we could get out there, no more of us than two could go, and Marion not at all," said Kent.

"In course not, but, ef it goes to the outer world, I'll go, an' I'll git some game, an' throw in for ye tew eat while I'm gone, an' then I'll p'int for somewhar arter help, ef I can't dew no better. But ef I can get out thar I'll soon find a way tew git ye all out. Make a bark ladder or something like it, tew climb on. Whar thar's a will thar's a way. It only remains tew be seen ef one of us can git out. So no more jabber till thet's decided."

Wild Nathan and Scip repaired to the spot, leaving Kent to watch, lest the Indians should suddenly make a dash into the cave, of which, however, there was little danger.

The men first piled up all the rocks and stones they could find in the cavern, and when completed the platform was between seven and eight feet high.

"Now then, Scip," said Wild Nathan, "you must climb on our shoulders. Think ye kin do it?"

"Guess so," responded the negro; "used to be great hand to shin up de trees arter coons."

The two trappers placed themselves side by side, in a convenient position, and, though Nathan was considerably taller than Vic, an extra stone under the latter's feet made up the deficiency. Scip was an expert climber, and he soon stood upright on their shoulders, whence he could reach the hole.

"Now 'vestigate, an' be quick," said Wild Nathan, as the negro straightened himself up. (To be continued.)

Saturday Talk.

The North Pole.—Two French gentlemen recently explored the island of Spitzbergen in a manner never before done. They have measured the mountains, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable products, the geological composition, etc., of the island. They found that the long day, extended over several months, during which the sun never sets, became intensely hot after a month or two, by the unceasing heat from the sun. In this period vegetation springs up in great luxuriance and abundance. The North Pole is only a matter of six hundred miles from the island, and it is thought by the two explorers, as by many others, that the Pole itself, and the sea which is supposed to surround it, could be reached from Spitzbergen without any great difficulties being encountered. A singular fact noticed by the explorers in connection with this island, is the enormous quantities of floating timber which literally cover the waters of the bays and creeks. A careful examination of the character, condition and kind of these floating logs would, no doubt, lead to a conclusion as to whence and how they came, and probably suggest new theories for the solution of geographical problems connected with the Arctic seas.

Brains in New York City.—There are three hundred public schools in charge of the Board of Education in New York city, with an average attendance of one hundred and five thousand pupils, sustained at an annual expenditure of three million dollars. There are three hundred private schools, with an average attendance of twenty-five thousand pupils. There are four hundred and thirty churches, chapels and missions of all denominations. There are three hundred and fifteen journals, newspapers, and magazines published in the city. There are three hundred and fifteen religious, moral and charitable associations. The leading national societies

receive six million dollars annually. The local voluntary societies in New York disburse during the year two million dollars. The Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, and the Commissioners of Emigration, expend nearly two million dollars a year. The city letter-carriers deliver during a year twenty-one million, three hundred and eighty-four thousand and eighty-six mail and city letters, and two million, five hundred and eighty-nine thousand, six hundred and sixty-three newspapers; and collect from boxes twenty-eight million, five hundred and fifty-one thousand, nine hundred and ten letters for the mails. It is said that the seventeen theaters and minstrel saloons in the city have nine hundred and thirty-seven employees, and nine hundred and fifty-eight actors and actresses. And it is estimated that the more prominent theaters, concerts and operas are patronized by about fifty thousand people, while the lower class of these places find patrons to the number of two hundred thousand; and it is supposed that seven million dollars a year is spent in the theaters and various places of popular amusement.

A Land of Song in South America.—Chili is a country of music makers. Its love and instinct of music are diffused through every order of people, from the highest to the lowest. It is said that when Gottschalk was about to give his great concert of three hundred musicians, he made a requisition upon the civil and military bands of Valparaiso and Santiago. Upon presenting themselves before him he was amazed to find that not an eighth part of them could read or write, and not a fourth part knew a note or character of music. How was he to bring "Tanhauser," and the "Prophet," and "Fidelo" from such total ignorance? But, what was his astonishment and wonder when he found that almost entire operas were familiar to them, and that they were able to repeat with accuracy intricate parts of music by hearing them played but once or twice. It may be an incredible statement to many a fair young musician in our country (observes the Boston Musical Times), but it is no less true, that what is generally styled in the United States an accomplished performer on the piano, would not pass here for a mediocre one.

Crime in the Great City.—Under the care of the Commissioners of Public Charities of New York City there are twenty-two institutions, and during the year ninety-two thousand, two hundred and seventy-two persons have been in their charge, distributed as follows: Penal institutions, forty-eight thousand, nine hundred and thirty-six; workhouses, sixteen thousand, nine hundred and forty-six; almshouse, four thousand, one hundred and thirty-five; hospitals, nineteen thousand, eight hundred and thirty-two; lunatic asylum, one thousand, five hundred and eighty; nurseries for pauper children, two thousand, four hundred and twenty-nine; inebriate asylum, six hundred and sixty-three; blind asylum, one hundred and thirty-two; idiot asylum, one hundred and nine; reformatory school, sixty. The average cost of each inmate, per annum, is: In the penitentiary, one hundred and sixty dollars and fifty-two cents; workhouse, one hundred and ten dollars and twenty-eight cents; city prisons, one hundred and fifty-six dollars and forty-eight cents; almshouse, sixty-four dollars and seventy-eight cents; blind asylum, one hundred and nine dollars and seventy cents; Randall's Island hospital, surgery, and idiot asylum, one hundred and twenty dollars and fifty cents. The average per capita for all the institutions is one hundred and twelve dollars and seventy-four cents.

The Ice Trade.—The ice trade began in the United States in 1805, when Frederick Tudor of Boston shipped one hundred and thirty tons of this article from New York to Martinique. He obtained it from Lynn, Mass., whence it came by way of Charlestown. He followed this venture by successive shipments to Havana, and in 1812 obtained the monopoly of that market. His supply was then obtained from Fresh Pond, near Cambridge; and in 1817 he introduced ice into Charleston, S. C. In the following year he shipped it to Savannah, and in 1820 to New Orleans. His entire shipments, however, reached, in 1832, but four thousand, three hundred and fifty-two tons. In 1833 he sent his first cargo to the East Indies, landing it at Calcutta, and in 1834 shipped ice to Brazil. He monopolized the Boston ice shipments until 1835, when his large profits led to competition. Boston now ships at least three hundred and fifty thousand tons of ice a year to foreign and domestic ports, and other northern seaboard cities are likewise engaged in the trade, though to a far less extent.

A Good Suggestion.—It is suggested that manual labor be encouraged and made fashionable in our colleges, even if professors set the example, just as it is the fashion to ride and run, and row, and box and bowl, in the aristocratic schools and colleges in England. Then the farmers of our future will be as robust in body and mind, and as learned a class of men, and as competent to take the lead in agriculture, politics and government, as the graduates of these old institutions are universally acknowledged to be; and the farmers' boys will not be running away from the farm in such numbers, and swarming in the overcrowded cities, standing behind counters from ten to fifteen hours a day for a paltry two or three hundred dollars a year. The fireside and the school are the starting-points, and it is time something was done, before our native stock begins to deteriorate, and is supplanted from Germany and other hardy European nations.

Floral Clock.—Flowers could be used to mark the time of the day and night nearly as faithfully as the hands of a clock, thus: "Lettuce flowers open at six in the morning, those of the water-lily at seven, of the pimpernel at eight, of the field marigold at nine, of the Neapolitan marigold at ten, of the star of Bethlehem at eleven, of the ice-plant flower at noon, of the pink of Spain at one, of the red fringe tree at two, of the cinchona at three, of the beam tree at four, of the marvel of Peru at five, of the black and blue geranium at six, of the yellow day lily at seven, of the nocturn marigold at eight, of the Mexican pystache at nine. The rainy marigold can be used for a barometer. If it is going to be fine weather, its flowers open about seven in the morning, and close between three and four in the afternoon; if it will rain during the day, they don't open at all.

Woman in Austria.—Some of the talk about woman's rights in this country could be exported to Austria with good grace, where women perform the duties of bricklayers, and may be seen carrying hods of mortar and baskets of bricks up high ladders. More than this, they actually supply the place of navvies, and dig wheelbarrows of "ballast" almost as nimbly as their lords. They chop wood, they carry water, they offer to black your boots in the street, and perform many other little offices which, according to our notions, hardly come under the denomination of "woman's work."

Perhaps this state of things is unavoidable in a country where it is considered necessary to keep a standing army of eight hundred thousand men. The women work inordinately hard, while hundreds of idle men are constantly sauntering about in various uniforms, doing nothing at all, except, perhaps, blowing a cloud of bad tobacco smoke.

A New Song.

HOOP LA! WHERE ARE WE NOW!

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I'm a gay and saucy dork,
Lively as de mornin' lark!
Hoop-la! hoop-la! hoop-la ho!
Music makes me feel so queer,
I could dance upon my ear!

Hoop-la! hoop-la! hoop-la ho!
I love a charming gal,
Dat's fascinating Sal,
She stole my heart away,
Cause she's so mighty gay!
Dat's what's de matter wid me!

I'm a gay and saucy dork,
Lively as de mornin' lark!
Hoop-la! hoop-la! hoop-la ho!
Music makes me feel so queer,
I could dance upon my ear!

Hoop-la! hoop-la! hoop-la ho!
Don't I love de pretty girls!
Pepper-sass upon dar curls!
Hoop-la! hoop-la! hoop-la ho!
Flounders on de ladies' clothes,
Dat's de way de money goes,

Hoop-la! hoop-la! hoop-la ho!
Love's got de best of me,
Feel like de bumblebee,
Oh, I'm my darling's pet,
Since ever first we met!
Dat's what's de matter wid me! (Chorus.)

What's de use of looking "black!"
Can't you gib ole care de sack?
Hoop-la! hoop-la! hoop-la ho!
Slippery ellum on de feet,
Makes de darkey dance so neat,

Hoop-la! hoop-la! hoop-la ho!
Dis heart goes pit-a-pat!
Goes sailin' like a bat!
Dat sets me dreamin' O,
I'm deep in love you know,
Dat's what's de matter wid me! (Chorus.)

Star Beams.

"The rich," said a Jew, "eat venison because it is deer. I eat mutton because it is sheep."

An Irishman said he did not come to this country for want. He had an abundance of that in his own country.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty-nine miles long, and one thousand feet deep.

A Frenchman, hearing the word press used to imply persuasion, exclaimed, in company one evening: "Squeeze that lady to sing."

Nitro-glycerine has an explosive power thirteen times greater than that of gunpowder. It is a combination of glycerine and nitric and sulphuric acids.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you're hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

The Central Park, New York city, has an area of over eight hundred acres, and has cost ten million dollars. It is visited annually by five million persons. Greenwood Cemetery has a population of one hundred and thirty-six thousand, nine hundred and eighty-four. The interments last year were seven thousand five hundred and seventy-four.

Somebody in England proposes a well-merited compliment to the late Mr. Adam, original proprietor of the Garden of Eden—that is, to build a monument to his memory in Mesopotamia, where it is understood he formerly resided.

A man telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house, which he had often passed, said: "It cries 'Stop thief!' so naturally that every time I hear it I always stop!"

The amount spent annually in New York city for bouquets and floral decorations is estimated at one million, five hundred thousand dollars. It has been stated that the cost of the flowers, at a single entertainment at the residence of a private citizen, was one thousand five hundred dollars.

A little boy inquired at the Augusta (Maine) post-office, recently, if there was a letter for Chester Pillsbury, and while the clerk was looking for the letter, the little fellow, thinking to help him in his search, said: "He's married now, and I s'pose they put Mister onto his name!"

The farmer Lee, who drew the Crosby Opera House, at Chicago, in the raffle of three years ago, is dead, and efforts are now making to find his son and heir, Robert S. Lee, who went to the Rocky Mountain mining region some time ago.

A blushing damsel called at one of the agencies the other day to buy a sewing-machine. "Do you want a feller?" inquired the modest clerk in attendance. The ingenious maid replied with some asperity: "No, sir! I have one."

An editor in Litchfield, Minnesota, invites attention to the following record of the progress of that town: February, 1869, "Howling Wilderness"; August, 1869, "Whetfield"; November, 1869, county-seat; January, 1870, United States Land Office.

Great Britain has fourteen thousand, two hundred and twenty-three miles of railway, on which has been expended two billion, four hundred and fifty-five million dollars. Last year the gross receipts were two hundred million dollars. Less than half this sum was required for working expenses, so that upward of one hundred million dollars remained available in the form of profit.

A gentleman examining the helmet of the "great giant," found in Pennsylvania the other day, discovered that some mysterious marks on the so-called helmet of the giant bear a striking resemblance to the trade-mark of the Waterbury Brass Kettle Company.

The wind rolled about the snow on the Hadley Plains, Mass., into lumps three feet thick, and with hundreds of these great balls the meadows were covered.

At Brady's Bend, Pa., in a violent quarrel between a father and mother, a little girl, four years old, in trying to part them, became so excited that she is now hopelessly insane.

A Mr. Cook, an English professional billiard-player, is said to have worked a revolution in the manufacture of billiard-tables. It is of no use to play with him, or anybody like him, for he could invariably pocket the red ball at the first stroke, and on one occasion did so three hundred and ninety-five times in succession. Skill like that reduces billiards to a single stroke, and it has, therefore, been decided at a conference of players and table-makers to put the "spot" an inch nearer to the top cushion, reduce the width of the pockets from three and a half to three inches, to square the corners, and increase the diameter of the balls to two and one-sixteenth inches.

Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER FOUR.

My raft-voyage had brought me so far that my journey to False Wild Bay—as in my fancy I had concluded to name the place where I had landed after my shipwreck—was long and difficult.

The sea was calm, and glistening beneath the noonday sun when I reached the place. Innumerable wild-fowl skimmed over its surface, while porpoises, in schools, gambled at a distance, making that whistling noise peculiar to these fish.

Moving along the beach, I was fortunate enough to find a small turtle laying eggs. Quickly I rushed between it and the sea, turned it on its back, as fishermen do, and cut its throat with my knife.

Then I began to take off slices, meanwhile casting my eyes toward the still-smoldering wreck.

While engaged in eating, I heard a growl behind me, when I turned quickly to behold the great Newfoundland dog of which I have spoken, standing with teeth firmly set and lip drawn up, looking both savage and hungry.

A large piece of turtle being cast to him, he ate it greedily, then stretched himself at my feet, licking my hands gratefully, while his moistened eyes shone with almost human intelligence.

From that moment Tiger—the name I gave him—proved my best and most faithful friend.

After my meal, I rose, and with my shaggy friend, walked along the beach. We had not proceeded far when suddenly the animal bounded ahead, to where the waves broke over something heavy. The creature's wonderful instinct had led him to what, from its position, I might have passed unnoticed. It was a seaman's great, oblong chest, half-buried in the soft, yielding sand.

It was a painted chest, of unusual size and length, but so well fastened that I was afraid I would not be able to open it.

How my heart beat with the hope of what it might contain, may be readily imagined.

My clothes were torn in rags; my feet, though somewhat hardened by constant walking, were still sore and tender, while even the savage, in his wild state, was able to procure what was denied me—a fire, wherewith to cook his food.

I glanced round me in quest of something with which I might force open the chest. At last I succeeded in finding a hard stone, long and sharp at the end, with which, by ceaseless hammering with another, I contrived, in the course of an hour's hard work, to accomplish my purpose.

My delight may be imagined when I discovered that the chest contained the wardrobe of an officer.

There was a small roll of cloth intended for uniforms, a fowling-piece in its case, several gun-flints, a musket with the stock off, shoes, several pounds of the yellow wax-tapers which are used by the Spaniards, a small case of various instruments, a parcel of socks, some shirts, a few books in English and French, some knives, scissors, needles and thread, and a whole suit of attire, which, though rather large, could be made to suit me.

There was a flask of gunpowder, some bullets, also a sword, which, though somewhat heavy, was still a welcome sight.

Not Columbus discovering the New World, or a fortune-seeker finding a new mine, could have been more delighted than I was with my treasure.

The chest, emptied, was easily dragged above high-water mark, where I sat down to rest and recover a little from my excitement.

The next thing to do was to rig myself in my new attire. Much too large for me, it would have excited the laughter of most spectators. My sword was a weighty burden, my gun was also very heavy; but this was a treasure, to which I clung with all the more delight that its use must soon fail me for want of gunpowder.

On reflection, I determined to pass one more night in my cavern, where safety might reasonably be expected. The means of kindling a fire being now in my possession, I walked a little way into the interior and procured some dry leaves and moss, which, sprinkling with powder, I then lighted, by means of striking the back of my knife against a flint, thus making sparks which soon ignited the dry mass.

Some withes, leaves and small boughs, with larger ones, afterward searched for and procured, speedily expanded into a good fire, as they were heaped upon the blaze.

Now I determined to enjoy my first really good meal. I put some flat sticks crosswise on stones set opposite to each other by the fire, and thereon placed some turtle-steaks, which roasting admirably, made me such a supper as, in my then state, it seemed to me I had never before enjoyed.

After my meal, I retired to my stone-hut, in which, leaving Tiger as a guard outside, I soon dropped to sleep.

Next morning, having breakfasted on turtle's eggs and the remains of my steak, I resolved to set out on my return to the spot where I had erected my hut.

Moving faster than at any time since my residence on the island, I finally arrived, with Tiger, near the mouth of a gully opening into the most pleasant and fertile part of the island.

We had entered the gully and proceeded a few steps, when Tiger halted, spread out his forefeet, sniffed the air, and uttered a prolonged growl. Something, which instinct told him was an enemy, had evidently passed that way. My gun was nervously clutched, as I peered about me, but, discovering nothing, I proceeded.

At the distance of about twenty yards, Tiger uttered another savage howl, and darted forward, heedless of my calls to him. I followed as fast as I could, to behold a most unexpected sight.

A huge, hairy-looking man, as I at first thought, but in reality, a large, powerful monkey, was engaged in tearing down that house, which to erect had caused me so much labor.

With an activity of ludicrous intensity, it was taking down pole after pole, stakes and thatch piecemeal, examining each thing with avidity, and then casting it away disdainfully.

Suddenly it turned. It had heard the dog. A more hideous monster it is scarcely possible to conceive. Never had my imagination realized any thing like this.

It's face, though having, as I thought, something human about it, was puffed, distorted and fearful. Its long, unwieldy arms were waved furiously aloft, and then it flew at the dog. I fired.

Doubtless, never before had a gun been fired there.

The effect was wondrous. The echoes came pealing back from the rocks, whole flocks of birds, of all hues and shapes, from the gaudy cockatoo to the blue wood-pigeon and the ocean gull, flew screaming over my head.

Curious jabberings from among the trees

voicing all the provisions they happened to find.

After dinner, with much labor and pains, a rude hut was erected from the remains of the other one.

This done, a fire, more for my protection than for warmth, was made in front of my rude habitation.

Without attempting to close the entrance, I strewed the floor with leaves, and allowing the dog to bask between the door and the fire, threw myself down to sleep.

I lay awake, however, a couple of hours before falling into a deep slumber. From this I was awakened by a strange feeling of oppression about my chest.

I opened my eyes, and was scarcely able to breathe. A heavy sultriness seemed to pervade the air, the sides of my hut seemed fairly dripping with unwholesome vapors, and my dog lay muttering strange, mournful moans, while his eyes assumed a glassy appearance.

I endeavored to sit up, but my nerves seemed totally unstrung. Gasping, panting, almost fainting, I again sunk back upon my withered couch.

What could it mean? What was about to take place?

Crawling to the door of my hut, I discovered that there was not a breath of air. The stillness was fairly awful. On high, the birds soared, as if terrified at some coming event of a fearful nature.

I crawled to the pool and drank. The water was tepid and unrefreshing. I moved to a spot commanding a view of the sea. It was perfectly still, the water seeming almost stagnant, while an unbroken mass of clouds, heavy, dense, immovable, obscured the sun and the greater portion of the heavens.

Night, storm and darkness appeared brooding over the face of the deep.

With an awful crash, suddenly came the thunder-peal, forked lightnings flashed vividly, and



sounded around me until, even from a distance, came strange noises, as if the whole island had been shaken to its center.

The monkey, which I was sure I had hit, stood silent, amazed, as if changed into a statue, then clapped its two hands upon its breast, as if searching for the wound so mysteriously inflicted, after which it gave a howl which sent the terrified dog running toward me.

The natural bravery of its race, however, then nerved it to make an attack. It rushed at the monkey and a desperate conflict ensued.

The wounded animal fought with his paws, tearing at the dog's throat, inflicting fearful scratches. Being now very near, my gun was again leveled, and I fired upon the hideous creature, this time with success. It uttered a strange, hoarse cry, then tore itself away from the dog, and, with great labor, climbed a tree close at hand, disappearing in the profuse foliage.

My house was totally destroyed, and the question now arose as to the wisdom of my taking pains to erect another in a place infested by savage animals, which, in a few minutes, might destroy the results of my labor, besides soon exhausting my stock of gunpowder in firing upon them.

For that day, however, I resolved to remain in my present place, which, in my own mind, I denominated Battle Pool, in memory of the conflict.

After bathing my dog's neck, I collected wholesome and nourishing fruits and berries, with which I made a hearty meal.

My whole mind was finally bent upon making my place impregnable to my natural enemies.

Glancing upward, as I reflected, my gaze fell upon the large cocoanuts above my head, but which as yet, for want of means, I had been unable to make my food. There were also other fruits, out of my reach, so far up on the branches of tall trees, with trunks too smooth to be climbed.

The absence upon the ground of any of these fruits I attributed to the whole tribes of ravenous monkeys infesting the place, and de-

the rain fell in torrents. Then, all at once, universal stillness again reigned.

An awful dread fell upon my soul. I had read enough to know what was impending. A crash, like the crack of doom, suddenly was heard. Sky, water, thunder and sea all seemed blended into one, and then the sea, with great violence, seemed to run away from me, portending an equally violent return.

Rushing to the higher ground, while feeling the earth tremble beneath my feet, I cast myself down by my dog, which had not moved since the commencement of the earthquake. I now noticed, among some evergreens which had become displaced, a hollow in the rock near the pool.

Hurrying to my habitation, I procured one of the yellow Spanish tapers I had brought with me, and lighting it, entered the hollow, to discover a large cave. This cave I at once concluded to use as an occasional resort, in case of perils, etc., from savages or wild beasts.

By night the convulsions of the ground had subsided. Next morning, the sky being clear, I journeyed to False Wild Bay, where, as I had hoped, I found that the earthquake had cast up such things as would be of use to me in the erection of a permanent "house." On many sides of me were studding-sail booms, yards, and the like, some of them broken and charred, while others were studded with nails and contained ropes and strips of canvas. With the latter I fashioned a sort of harness, which I attached to the seaman's empty chest, and yoked Tiger thereto, thus making "cart and horse" for the conveyance of my loads.

Tiger did well after a few trials. Of my broadsword I made, after a heavy day's labor, a sort of rude saw, which proved useful. I had used a novel file for this purpose—a piece of ribbed iron torn from a spar.

With canvas, poles and leaves, I then made a scarecrow, which I hung up on a tree, and thus, for a long time, kept troublesome monkeys away from Battle Pool.

Taps from Beat Time.

(BEAT TIME will make his mark on the journalism of the day, and will win for himself and this paper (for which he writes exclusively) an enviable reputation. Our contemporaries of the press are at liberty to reprint from this column, by giving explicit credit to both author and SATURDAY JOURNAL.)

INTERVIEWING.

In interviewing distinguished strangers—and hundreds come over in every ship—I use a felicitous plan of my own, and thereby in most cases have got off without having my feelings hurt while my back was turned, by the toes of matter-of-fact boots.

I submit my plan to all reporters—not that I think their caution amounts to cowardice, for I know dozens of them who would unflinchingly face the Battery—in New York; but that they may not be subjected to any unforeseen inconveniences. My plan is this printed slip of questions:

MY DEAR DUKE—In the name of the United States and our marriageable daughters, I welcome you to this shore, where freedom is so sweet and independence so cheap—for cash. Will you please fill out the following questions, while I sit out here on the fence, and hand the same to me at your earliest convenience:

How is the venerable mother of your father?
How thick are your soles?
Can you read your title transparent to mansions in the firmament?
Do you use tobacco?
Will you give me a chew?
How are you off for stamps, to-day?
Do you object to taking dinner with me—at your table—to-day?
Do you know what is good for corns?
Fine weather, isn't it?
Have you any old clothes?
Were you educated at Gottingen or on Holland gin?

Was the crop of sardines injured by the late frost?
Did you leave Europe to escape your-ropes?
What is the condition of the surf on your shore?
Have you an extra cigar?
What is your opinion of rats?

Now if the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals see fit to present me with a gold medal emblazoned with the device of an eagle and the legend "50 Dol." for this invention, I feel that I could be compelled to accept from pure love of country.

GARDENING.

We made a garden for the first time in our lives last year.

We haven't made up our minds to make any this year. If we do, we will let you know in time.

My wife used to use up the most of my valuable evenings by reading to me from her favorite poetical vagaries—I mean theoretical books on gardening, by the author of "Half a lot is plenty."

"Ah," she would say, laying aside her volume, "how delightful it would be to spend the sweet little odd half-hours in the garden with hoe in hand, teaching the young onions how to shoot! My wife possesses a very ideal mind—as also do I. So a garden was agreed upon, and a man was brought to put the ground in order. I put the seeds in the ground, which work I found to be

very hard on the back. Wife did the overseeing, but I did all of the overwork. However, she arranged a little bed for flowers herself, as she thought they would look well on the table in the summer as a set-off to the onions. Then we waited. I was anxious to see the things come up, and every morning would dig up the seeds to see if they had sprouted. At length, after a warm rain, the weeds popped up, and I cut them immediately down. It afterward turned out I had mistaken the lettuce for weeds.

I found, one morning, all the onion sets growing wrong-end up. I had planted them wrong-end down.

I had made a mistake and planted one bed over two or three times, each time a different seed. I learned this too late. I took it upon myself to weed the flower-bed for wife; I did it effectually. I slept in the stable that night.

One little plant we nourished with care, taking great pride in it, and afterward had the satisfaction of knowing we raised the largest gypson in our neighborhood.

A dozen dogs retired every night on our beds; our neighbors' chickens would come over in the mornings and stir the beds up. I hired a small boy by way of a scarecrow, but he ate all the tops off the onions. When every thing promised to grow finely, a very large drouth set in, and as I did not have hold of the strings, I had to let it drouth. Our radishes turned into hickory sticks; our beets into dead-beats; however, the weeds didn't trouble me a bit, for I didn't let 'em.

The product of wife's flower-bed were two fragrant dog-fennels, one elegant burdock, one odoriferous gypson and several delightful purslanes. She took great care of these, dubbed them with pretentious Latin names, and found great satisfaction with them generally—though the poet says, "A nose by any other name would smell as sweet." Our corn refused to draw a blade on our soil. Not a turnip would turn up. We had no vegetables to sell. I'll let you know if we make a garden this year.

BEAT TIME.